

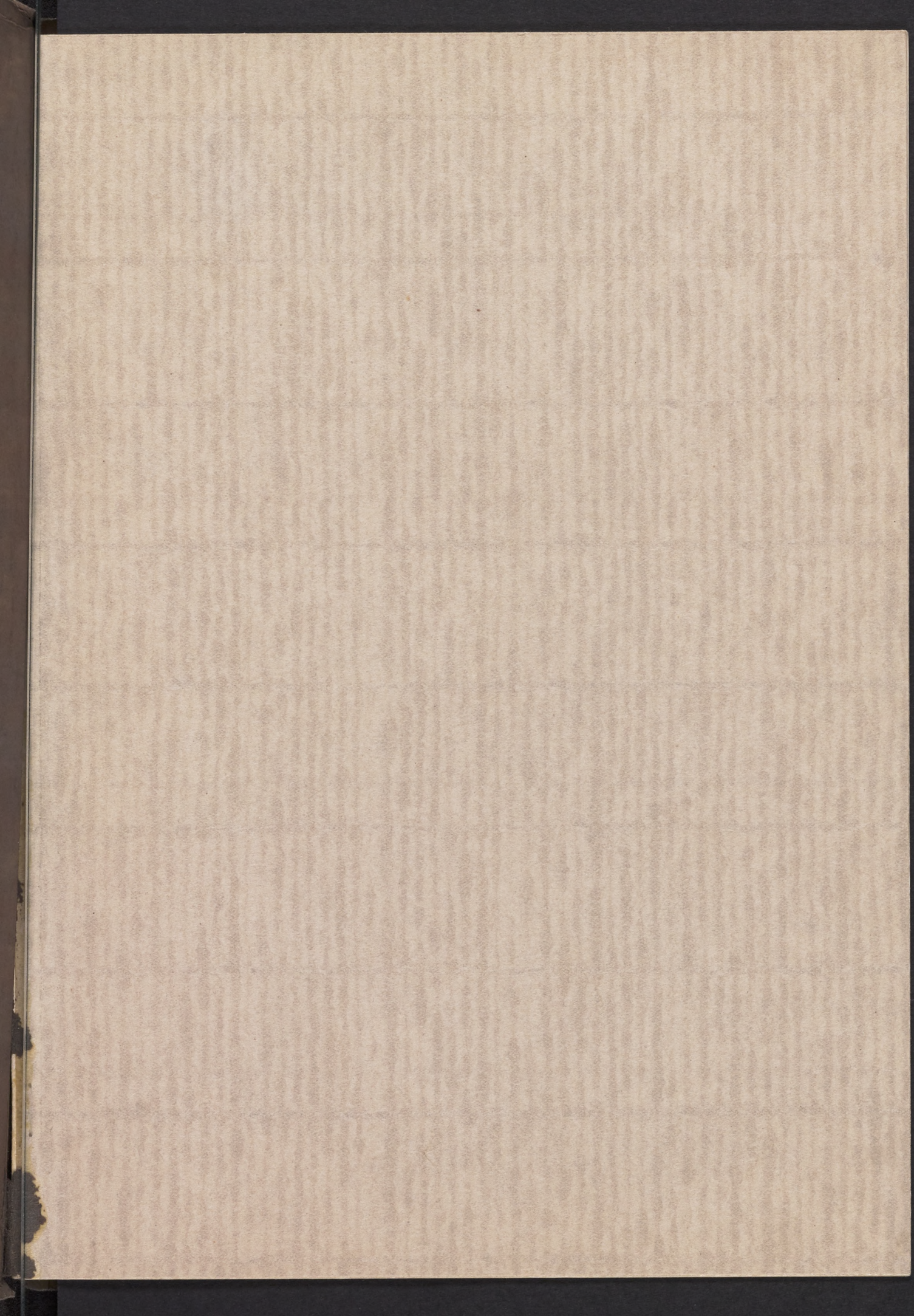
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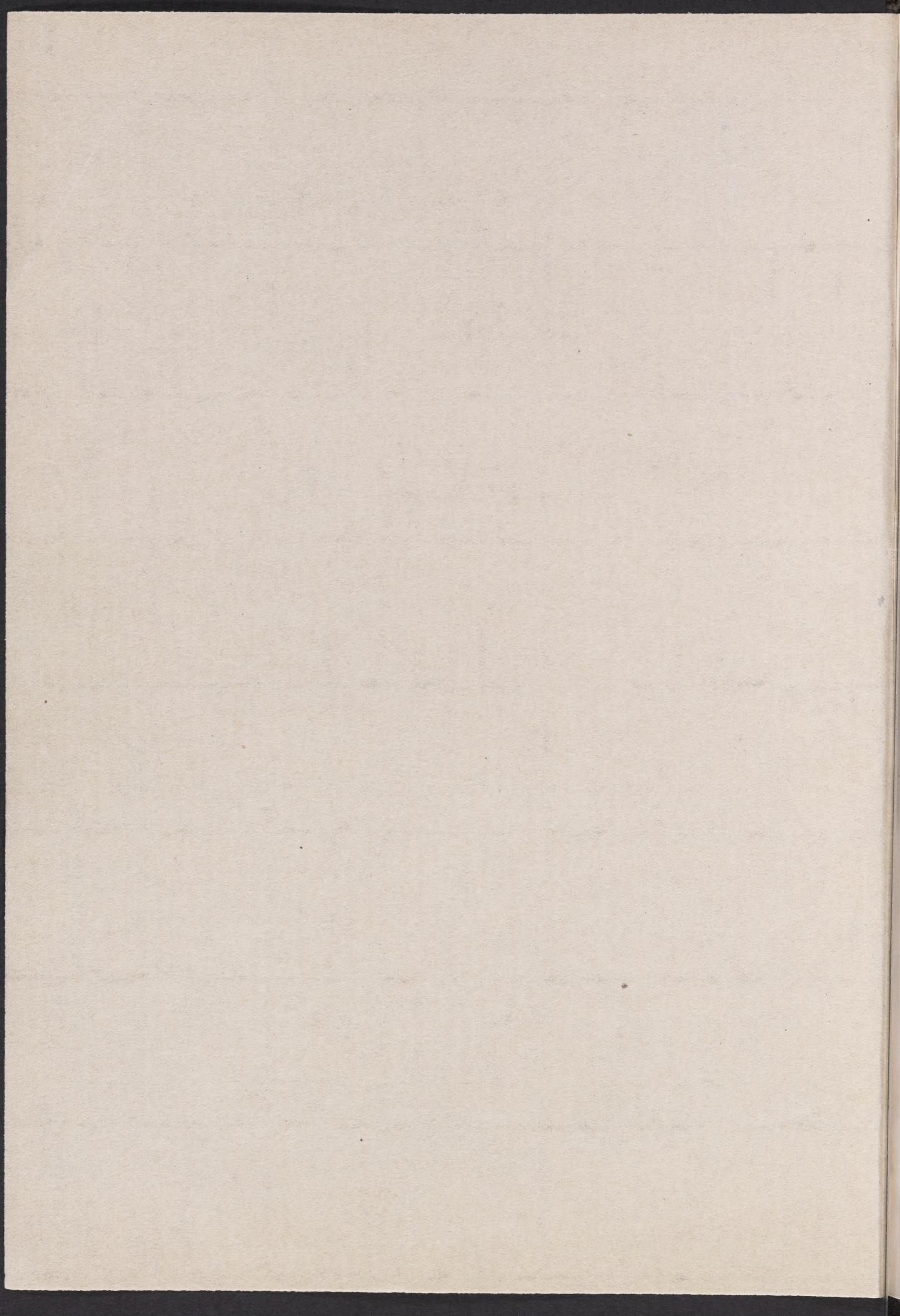
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Bear Cub, 1924.



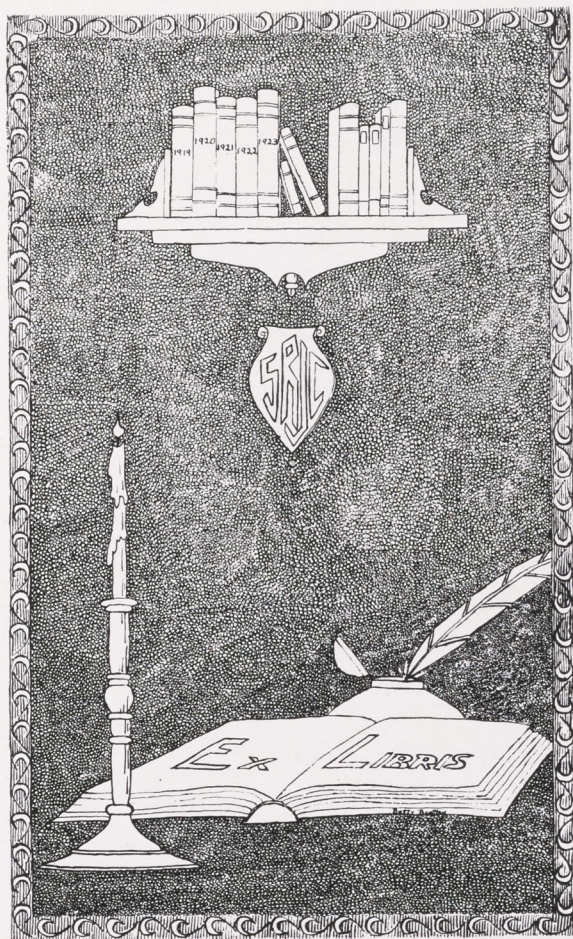




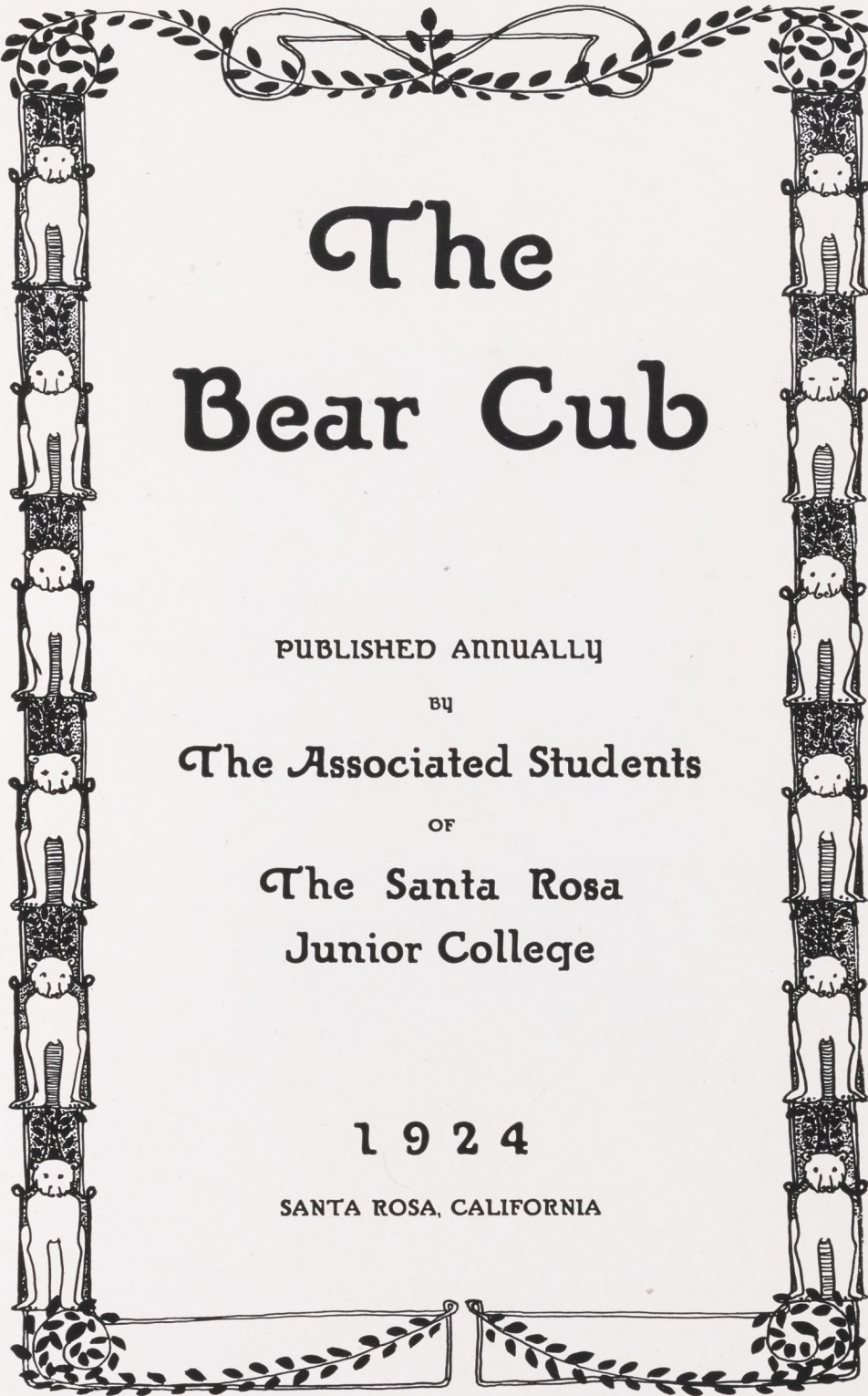


Presented to  
Mrs. Sara Hatch  
by the student body  
of Santa Rosa Junior College.









# The Bear Cub

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY

by

The Associated Students

OF

The Santa Rosa  
Junior College

1924

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA



To

Our true Friend and Comrade,  
Dean Floyd P. Bailey





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Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology

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French

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S. F. Teachers' College; Study at U. C.  
Music

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of California  
Logic, Mathematics, Psychology

CLARA B. WATERS

Fine Arts Academy, Chicago  
Stout Institute  
Art



## FOREWORD

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We present, with a certain amount of trepidation and a measure of pride, this, the third edition of the Bear Cub, to the people of Sonoma County. Into it we have tried to infuse the broad freedom, the sincerity, the fighting spirit of true Californians. By presenting within its pages something about, or something by, each student, we have tried to make it of personal value to everyone attending Santa Rosa Junior College. From cover to cover this has been the aim. Each department represents the various districts. The art work has been done by students from all parts of the county, and so with the literary work, and the various departments of the general staff.

We hope our year book will meet with approval, and that it will increase interest in junior colleges as an established institution throughout the state.



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Although the sophomore class numbers only twenty-one, it is "quality and not quantity" that makes them the leaders in the college, and that makes their spirit manifest throughout all college activities.

The class organized at the beginning of the fall term and elected the following class officers: President, Ray Krotser; Vice-president, Evelyn Feliz; Secretary-treasurer, Frances Jones. These same officers were re-elected at the beginning of the spring term.

The enthusiasm of the sophomores has been predominant throughout the college, and we see the class of '24 taking the lead in the dramatic, social, scholastic, and athletic phases of the college life.

They took the lead in the social activities by giving a reception to the freshmen early in the fall, and later a Halloween party at the home of Miss Nisson, in Pennngrove.

Martha Erwin and Madeleine Stout have been the honor students of the college, both being average A students.

Let us draw back the curtains and look at the drama work of this year. Here we see Evelyn Feliz and Frances Jones taking leading roles in Tarkington and Wilson's "The Man From Home," with William Olsen also in the cast.

The class was well represented in football by the following athletes: Joseph Swyers, Stacy Lee, Joel Mallory, "Steve" Witham, and William Olsen.

A yell comes from our lusty throats as we see the following worthy sophomores score for good old J. C. in basketball: Capt. Joel Mallory, Bryant Forsyth, and Howard Fry.

These members of the class of '24 formed the nucleus of the baseball team: Bryant Forsyth, Howard Fry, Stacy Lee, and "Steve" Witham.

Fred Rogers, Ted Woolsey, and Joel Mallory have played in the college orchestra.

Thus we see the sophomores active in the life of the junior college, and always with a determination to do their best. As they bid these realms of learning adieu and seek new realms at California, Stanford, or elsewhere, they will carry with them the enthusiasm, spirit, and determination that they have displayed in their two years of junior college life. Long live the spirit of the sophomore class!

Frances Jones, '24.

THE BEAR CUB



JOEL MALLORY  
MAYBELLE NISSON  
FRED McMULLEN

EVELYN FELIZ

FRED ROGERS  
MARGARET WRIGHT  
FRED FELLOWS

(Thirteen)

THE BEAR CUB



THEODORE WOOLSEY  
MARTHA ERWIN  
CARL WITHAM

FRANCES JONES

STACY LEE  
MADELEINE STOUT  
WILLIAM OLSEN

(Fourteen)

THE BEAR CUB



JOSEPH SWYERS  
IRMA CURTIS  
RAY KROTZER

HELEN HAMILTON

BRYANT FORSYTH  
MARIE MILLER  
HOWARD FRY

(Fifteen)



The class of 1925 is the largest entering class Santa Rosa Junior College has seen since it was first opened, in 1918. The class entered into all the college activities with true college spirit, as was manifested by the success of the various enterprises.

Class officers were elected at the beginning of the fall semester, and remained in office during both semesters. Asa Sullivan was elected president, Joseph Cuneo vice-president, and Clarice Collister secretary-treasurer. Because of the many activities of the student body as a whole, class activities were not emphasized, and there were but two affairs negotiated by the freshman class alone. The first of these was the Freshman Return, given on October 12, at the home of Cecile La Violette in Petaluma, in honor of the sophomores. On November 12 a candy sale was held, and was a great financial success.

The class was exceptionally well represented in athletics. Capt. Plover, Shaffer, Evans, Gardner, Wilson, Sullivan, Austin, Bath, Cuneo, and Peterson, were on the football squad. The class was represented in basketball by Bath, Gardner, Wilson, Shaffer, Evans, Sullivan, and Plover. Capt. Wilson, Braun, Shaffer, Rank, Cuneo, Waterman, Sullivan, Gardner, Plover, and Bath were on the baseball team.

With such a splendid and spirited beginning as freshmen, the class of 1925 will undoubtedly do big things as sophomores.

A. Sullivan, '25.

THE BEAR CUB



(Seventeen)

# Literary Awards

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## PROSE

First Prize

"REUNION"

by Madeleine Stout. '24

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Honorable Mention

"Certain People of Importance"

by Evelyn Feliz. '24



## VERSE

First Prize

"SONG"

by Martha Erwin. '24

---

Honorable Mention

"HISTORY"

by Irma Curtis. '24

THE BEAR CUB



## REUNION

'Tis not that the music can signify much,  
But then there are chords that awake with a touch,—  
And our hearts can find echoes of sorrow and joy.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The class of 1895 was holding its twenty-fifth reunion. The dinner was ended, and the men had settled back in their chairs, drawn slightly away from the long table. An air of expectancy pervaded the room; the speaking was about to begin.

Dan Faber, president of the class, rose to his feet and glanced over the assemblage before him. There was something akin to affection in his eyes. For an instant, he glimpsed the faces of his classmates, not as they were as he looked at them at that moment, but as they had been years before when he had first learned to know them on the college campus. Boys they had been then, immature and undeveloped boys, fresh from city and farm, with the world before them, and the path of the future untrodden. There was, for instance, Phil McHale. In those other days, Phil had been the personification of reckless youth; and now, calm-eyed, distinguished, he had come back to the reunion from half-way across the continent, with the mark of success stamped upon him. And the others—a state senator; a major in the army with the ribbon of the Croix de Guerre on his breast; a physician, whose name was known throughout the medical world; an author, whose books were on the library tables of many thousands of families. Dan decided at that moment that college had been very worth while for all of them. He smiled.

"Fellows," he began, "you all know that I am not much of a speaker, and I'm not going to say anything worth while—"

There was an interruption then.

"Sing for us," someone demanded. "Sing our Alma Mater song!"

"Yes! Sing it, sing the old song!" the others chimed in.

Frowning, Dan shook his head. "I wish that you men would forget about that singing stunt," he complained. "Whenever I come back, it's the only thing I hear."

Someone laughed. "If I had a voice like yours, Dan," he announced, "I'd sing my head off."

"Yes," answered Dan soberly, "it's a lot of fun to be able to sing, but—" a note of petulance crept into his voice—"it's never gotten me anywhere."

Then suddenly and unexpectedly a man far down at the end of the table arose to his feet. It was Bill Dalton, clear-eyed, bronze-faced, with the hint of tragedy in the lines of his mouth.

"May I say a word about that, Dan?" he asked.

The class president nodded. Before that night, he had not seen Bill Dalton for twenty-five years. After college Bill had drifted away, had not kept in touch with the others. Report had it that he had been to South America, and had made good down there. Bill, rather a nonentity in college, seemed to be well on the road to success. But there he was, and he wanted to say something.

"Go on," Dan answered.

(Twenty)

### THE BEAR CUB

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"It's only a short story that I have to tell," Dalton began. "And to some of you it may seem like a dime-novel yarn. But it's true, true as the words of that old college song itself, that Dan doesn't want to sing."

The speaker stopped for a moment, while the others regarded him with curious eyes. The room was strangely still.

"After graduation," Dalton continued finally, "I went to work in the office of a construction company in New York City. Most of you fellows remember me as a pessimistic sort of fellow, always willing to let the other fellow get ahead of me, and never trying very hard for anything."

Unconsciously, Dan Faber nodded.

"It wasn't all my fault, though," Dalton explained. "I hadn't had the early training you men were blessed with. I came to college with only enough money for the barest necessities, and with a father who had been put in prison for embezzling a good many thousand dollars."

The speaker's eyes swept the table before him. There was surprise on the faces of his classmates—surprise, and the hint of speculation as to why Dalton should make known such a thing at this late date.

The speaker, however, did not falter. "I'm making a clean breast of things," he continued. "So you might as well know the whole story. The shadow of that crime, of course, hung over me all through the four years; I was afraid you fellows would hear about it, and that I'd be shut out of things, so I kept still about it."

"That is why I didn't enter into any of the college activities. I kept to myself and brooded over things, until I became self-centered, hard to approach, almost friendless. You fellows can never quite realize the agony of my undergraduate days; always the shadow hanging over me, and always the fear that someone would find out about my father. If anyone thought of me at all, it was as a moody chap with a perpetual grouch about life, and a genius for keeping his mouth tight shut."

"No one but myself realized that inside of me there raged a storm of passionate loyalty to the college. If I had had the courage, I would have fought for her on the football field, striven for her on the basketball court and cinder path. But I couldn't do any of those things; fear kept me from it. So my college loyalty went unexpressed; it was there, though, a living, vital thing. I used to sit with the crowds on the stands at a big college football game and hold my breath, hoping that Cornwall would win, that Louie Bertrand and the other players on the chalk-marked gridiron would be blest with superhuman power, so that nothing could defeat them. And when the team lost, I plunged into such despondency that the whole world went black. Did any of you men ever feel that way?" He paused for a reply.

"I don't think so," Dan Faber answered finally.

"There were other things, too, that you fellows never heard about. When the glee club practiced in the old chapel, I used to stand outside the open windows and listen to the college songs. And when they sang the Alma Mater, I'd take off my hat and stand bareheaded on the darkened campus. It was there that I first heard Dan Faber sing the song of songs—Cornwall's 'Alma Mater.'"

"I remember it as if it were yesterday. It was an evening in the early fall, and for an hour or more I had been eating my heart out

(Twenty-one)

### THE BEAR CUB

---

in my room. Then across the shadowed campus floated the sound of men singing. I could not distinguish the words at the time, but afterwards I knew it was Cornwall's 'Alma Mater' song. When the last notes had died away, I took my hat from its hook on the wall and went over to the chapel. For two hours after that I stood outside and listened to the glee club at practice; and just before the end, Dan Faber sang the song of songs himself. It was the sweetest thing I had ever heard, awakening slumbering thoughts within me, stirring new ambitions, thrilling me with a sort of vague wonder and awe. At that moment I would have given half my life to have been able to sing like that.

"The memory of it remained with me throughout my college days. From that moment I was a silent worshipper of Dan Faber. But it wasn't so much Dan that I worshipped as it was the thing he typified. That thing was the spirit of the college—my college and yours."

The speaker stopped for a moment, and the men around the long table stirred restlessly, but no one spoke.

"I went out from the old campus on graduation day resolved to take my place in the world as a Cornwall man, to live true to the traditions, never to do anything which would make the college other than proud of me. I knew, however, that I wasn't any 'world-beater,' and I was perfectly satisfied to take a place at the bottom rung of the ladder and work everlastingly to get to the top. So, as I have said, I went to work in the office of a construction company in New York. It wasn't much of a position, but it was a chance—and a chance was all I asked for."

Dalton stopped for an instant, and again searched the faces of his classmates.

"I wish I could explain to you men the change that came over me during that first day on my new position. I was a man at last, standing on my own feet, and was resolved to be worthy of the degree which Cornwall had conferred upon me. The moodiness of college days had passed, and the shadow of fear which had hung over me had disappeared. I was determined to make good.

"For a while it seemed as if that determination would carry me through. The big boss marked me as a coming man; I made friends among the office force; the days went well, and the nights were filled with dreaming. I was happier than I had been for years."

Suddenly Dalton's voice grew more harsh, his eyes narrowed, and a glint of hardness showed through his half-closed lids.

"And then," he continued, "something went wrong in the drafting room. We were bidding for the construction of one of the biggest buildings in the city, and the air was heavy with the importance of the project. Secrecy, of course, was an absolute necessity; the efforts of the entire force were concentrated on that one huge undertaking.

"In spite of all our care, though, there was a leak somewhere; someone in the office had talked, and the rival firm received the inside information that landed the contract for them. Investigation failed to bring the guilty man to light. I was the youngest man on the staff—untried. And it came out that my father was in prison. That settled it. Although I was as innocent as the big boss himself, they let me go."

(Twenty-two)

### THE BEAR CUB

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Dalton seemed to have forgotten his audience; it was as if he were living again those hours of tragedy of almost twenty-five years ago.

"I went from that office a broken man," he continued. "All of the cynicism of college days returned; the shadow of fear loomed over me again, blotting out all else. I was bitter against life, against my fellowmen.

"No need to go into the details of the struggle that followed. I tried, but day by day I fought the losing fight. God alone knows the depths of despair into which I plunged."

Again he paused. "Something was bound to snap. It came one evening, when, with throbbing head and aching body, I sat alone in a small park in Dayton. Two men walked by me, men of my own age, with the stamp of culture upon them. As they passed me, one of them turned to his companion and said, 'The boss told me today that if I keep it up I will be chief engineer in another three months.'

"I was at the breaking point, anyway, and that glimpse of success which might have been mine was 'the straw that broke the camel's back.' At that moment something died within me. Without conscious thought, I leaped from the bench and tramped toward the outskirts of the city.

"Hours later, I found myself sitting on an old wooden bridge along an unfamiliar road. The turmoil within me had been succeeded by a deadly calm. I had made my decision. Life had treated me unfairly; I had tried my best to live cleanly and honestly, as befitted a college man, but the fates had decreed otherwise. I determined to take from my fellowmen what I needed, what they would not let me earn fairly for myself.

"A moon was shining that night, a brilliant silver moon which cast long shadows over the rutted road. From where I was sitting I could see the point where the long slope of the highway reached the summit of the hill toward the town. As I sat there debating my course, the figure of a man approaching on foot was outlined for an instant against the blue sky.

"The sight of that figure filled me with a wild, unbridled rage. It was a man, and he was coming toward me. In his pockets there was probably money, the money which I needed so much and was bound to have. The spot where I sat waiting was darkened by the shadows of overhanging trees. It was an ideal place for a holdup. And I decided to rob. As I was not armed, I searched about for a weapon. In a moment I had found a thick club, heavy enough to crush the skull of an ox. Then, stepping into the shadows, I waited.

"Silence as still as death enveloped me. I have never known such silence, such breathless, overwhelming stillness as that. It seemed as if I were in a world apart, with only the even rasping of my breath to keep me company. So I stood motionless, like a wild animal awaiting its prey.

"The man seemed an infinitely long while in coming. I imagine he was about halfway to the place where I lay in ambush when something happened—something which remains with me as the most momentous event in my life.

"He began to sing. And he sang the 'Alma Mater' song of Cornwall College. The words floated sweetly on the evening air, the same words I had listened to time and again in the darkness of the tree-

(Twenty-three)

### THE BEAR CUB

---

sprinkled campus. Clear and true, like church bells on a Sunday morning, they came to me:

“And the spirit of our Alma Mater  
Keeps her loyal sons forever true;  
Gives them strength to face each task with courage;  
Gives them power to meet each test anew.  
Hail to Alma Mater, ever watchful!  
Here again we pledge our love to thee;  
Honor to thy name, and faith untarnished;  
Courage in thy cause—and loyalty!”

“It was the call of our Alma Mater to her sons throughout the world. It was the call of my college to me. As I stood there listening, the dying soul of me burst into new life. In memory, I stood again outside the windows of the old chapel, listening to the glee club sing. I could feel again the awakening of slumbering thoughts inside my cramped body, and could feel the stirring of vague ambitions. The college was calling—”

The speaker paused, his eyes aglow, his lips parted.

“That is about all there is to the story,” he finished quietly. “With the song of songs ringing in my ears, I could not go on. I had found my courage again. The heavy club fell from my shaking hand, and I stepped farther back into the enveloping shadows. A moment after, the singer passed unharmed within five feet of me. I saw then what I had known from the very first note—that it was Dan Faber, of Cornwall, 1895, the man whose singing had never gotten him anywhere.”

For a space of two minutes no one spoke. Then Jake Martin said, “Sing for us, Dan. Sing the song of songs.”

Very softly, his eyes on the bowed head of Bill Dalton, Dan Faber sang.

Madeleine Stout, '24.



## SONG

Tall grass in glistening billows rippled light  
Upon the rolling knolls swept by the wind;  
And as I stood, enchanted by the sight,  
There welled within my heart a lilting song  
That, rising, bore my soul on lofty flight.

And now my life no bare horizons rimmed;  
For in my song I danced, a spirit free  
To look beyond each day by shadows dimmed,  
To soar and sail and laugh down at the earth,  
To float as free as birds about me skimmed.

But sullen, heavy clouds fell on my way  
And crushed my soul; they beat and bent it low,  
Until in midnight blackness faint I lay,  
Not feeling, seeing, loving any life;  
Not hoping for or dreading one more day.

And then at last there breathed upon my ear  
A quiet sound that seemed a gentle breeze;  
But, gathering force, it lifted, grew more clear,  
Till in its bursting joy I knew my song,  
So long forgotten, ever had been near.

I listened, strangely charmed by those bright notes  
That once had graced my life in gladness spent.  
Then, as upon a laughing stream there floats  
A dancing leaf of spring, I felt my soul  
Come singing back to me.

Martha Erwin, 24.

## CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE

(With all due apologies to Mrs. Norris.)

Ruminating, reminiscing, casting a backward eye over my past life and that of my friends, I wonder, would a chronicle of our lives, our hopes and despairs, our temptations, our pleasures, make such a drab account as one would at first thought deem it to be? Why should it? I think that it why I live in each book I read—I can fall to the utmost depths of despair with the struggling hero; gallop the wind-swept plains and highways with the villain, chuckling over my cupidities; feel a savage joy with the dying avenger who kills three enemies on the last page; weep bitter tears with the golden-haired, sentimental heroine whose heart has been broken. I feel that all those of whom we read have lived—most of them throbbing, pulsating lives. Each of us thinks his life important, something of great concern to all acquaintances; and, indeed, what would even the world outside be without us?

And so with books. The author must have had such an idea, telling him that he had something worth saying, something that would matter. Isn't that what we all strive for—something that really matters? To the author, at least, his people must live. Otherwise, how would he be able to make live even the least important character in his book? To my mind, they all have lived. They are my Little People, my fairyland. When I read, it takes strong physical action of some sort to wake me out of my trance. It is nothing short of impossible, however, to remember each and every character of some hundreds of books, so by common consent of all the world, there are some who have been remembered and treasured, as Abraham Lincoln is remembered and revered as an outstanding figure among great statesmen.

Foremost among these, because we have known and loved him since early childhood, stands Robinson Crusoe. I think of him as the simple pioneer, blazing the trail for more complex characters, as Daniel Boone and Kit Carson blazed the trail to the West, where roaring subways and elevateds have replaced the pinto and the buffalo, and the soap-box orator the whooping Indian. He represents only what is simple and pure. He depends on no one for things he cannot achieve for himself. How simple do all his inventions seem to us, who have but to press a button to make almost anything happen! How many of us, instead of digging in and striving to better what might seem a hopeless condition, would have sat on the beach, chin in hand, pouting—yes, pouting, because there was no one there to get a meal for us or hook us up the back? We might not think of this as we read of his adventures, and yet we watch, with as great an anxiety as his, each tiny blade of green, which finally represents his garden and his supply of grain. How we treasure each seed, knowing that it must be saved, year by year, until his garden has grown to such an extent that he may safely use some of the grain for food! There will be plenty of seed for the next year. Aside from Sunday school, which is to the average little girl a place in which to show off one's dainty little dress and adorable little vanity case, and to most little boys either torture in itself or inflicted (by him) torture to others, Robinson Crusoe is the first to bring home to children a great

(Twenty-six)

### THE BEAR CUB

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lesson. He teaches us patience and simplicity, and that we get what we deserve through earnest endeavor and hard work.

Dickens is an open treasure trove to all. How perfectly idiotic it would be if there actually were someone who had never heard of him or of many of his famous characters! Exaggerated though they may be, perhaps even because of this exaggeration, we are immensely touched by his people. We have all wept over Little Nell. Even though the history of *Oliver Twist* was well-nigh impossible, and, as one critic has said, desperate thieves who set little boys to steal handkerchiefs, as Fagin did, do not now exist, yet we are terrified by Fagin, and fear that the kind people who have taken little Oliver in will not believe that he is truly a virtuous little boy. And Pickwick and his colleagues; even though we may not have read of all their adventures, it takes but the mention of the name to set us all laughing, for we know, at least by hearsay, that they are desperately funny. Most readers have had this spell of idolizing Dickens, though we all come to realize that he preposterously exaggerates, in almost an hysterical style, making us weep copious tears over almost impossible misfortunes. Yet he has the most precious quality of literature; he senses the divinity in common and humble lives. Tolstoi prizes this quality in Dickens, and accepts it as proof of his great art. I think perhaps that is why Dickens is the best-known English author in Russia; he reaches the simple hearts of the people of that terror-ridden, hopeless country.

When quite a little girl, I read the history of *Jane Eyre*, and was immensely touched. And yet a few months ago, when I re-read the book, I said to myself, "Ye gods! Did such a silly, sentimental idiot ever exist? How *could* any girl marry a man who treated her as Rochester treated Jane?" At first he regarded her as something curiously different; his interest was piqued. Later he approached some semblance of love for her, although I have not yet persuaded myself that he truly cared for her, except insofar as she could be of service to him. And yet, in spite of my disgust upon my second reading of the book, I would not willingly have put it down unfinished. *Jane Eyre* was an emancipator. She put to rout all the ideas that a girl had to lead a cloistered nun's life in order to be pure and virtuous. She took one of the first steps forward. We have but to read such a book as "*Flaming Youth*" to see how far some people think those first tentative steps have led the modern American girl. Every "flapper" should be interested in Jane.

Becky Sharp! "Ah! A little devil, eh?" Undoubtedly! Yet a most interesting little devil, at that. Another emancipator, although not quite so injudiciously virtuous. If she were living today she would nonchalantly light a cigarette, indulge in an occasional cocktail, interest the men, and be called a cat by her dearest women friends. Living when she did, before the day of the "vamp," she satisfied her too-modern ideas by actions which made her shunned by all people in all places. Even we moderns cannot quite forgive her for some of her negotiations, and yet we would certainly never forgive her if she had not acted as she did. Why, that's what makes her interesting! And, if one may use slang, she was a go-getter. Handicapped from birth by the terrible crime of having an actress for a mother, and a harum-scarum painter for a father, she had to fight for everything she gained. She won to the heights, but was dashed to defeat

(Twenty-seven)

## THE BEAR CUB

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by scorn. She lived a little too early. There are many people nowadays who thrive on the scorn of "good" people. It is their meat and drink. How much of our so-called Bohemian life is real life, and not play-acting? What would "good" people have to talk about if such persons were non-existent?

There are some people we know whom we would like to prod on, to make them do something. We know they have latent ability; we tear our hair and wonder why they don't use it. I had that feeling when I first read "Sentimental Tommy." I knew that he was handicapped, and yet I wanted him to get out and do something. I wanted him to "show up" the hypocrites who, for the most part, comprised his surroundings. And yet, in what a way his talents were bent! Writing a lot of rubbish about love, of which he knew nothing. I was rather disgusted with him, and yet I knew it could not be otherwise. He was an "eccentric." His imagination was all the world to him. If he had been capable of loving, Grizel would have been the object of his affections. Tommy will always be one of the tantalizing figures jiggling about in my mind. I thought his death was an immensely ridiculous affair—so ridiculous, in fact, that to me it never occurred. He still lives, as far as I am concerned.

So one could write volumes on people of book lore who yet are very important even in the world of today. Through them we are transported from a world of reality to a world of realism. We have but to conjure them up before us to forget our cares and worries. They are indeed people of importance, for sometimes even our very best friends grate on our nerves, and we desire to forget all the world about us. At such times these dear "Little People" step from the pages of our books and comfort us, and we are indeed fortunate in having them as friends, for there are many about us who know not the comfort, the security which lies in having a great friend among the "Little People."

Evelyn K. Feliz, '24.

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## DAY THAT DIES

When the soft, dreamy night shadows come creeping  
O'er the day-worn, smoky world; gay  
Crickets awake from diurnal slumbers  
And rejoice like children at play.

Slowly the faint, hearth-hued sun glow slips  
Down from ethereal thrones. A sigh  
Of tender yet chilling night winds  
Mourns the day that must die.

Fred Fellows, '24.

(Twenty-eight)

## HISTORY

There is a wisdom haunting through our speech,  
Whose mellow accents touch each song and word;  
Lingering often, wondering what to teach  
Of all the knowledge old that time has heard.

What once had been rich color for the world—  
Romance and beauty and their spoken flames,  
And half-remembered wars, their banners furled—  
Are faded now to glamorous old names.

Those ancient masters thronged the pleasant hour  
With thoughts they gleaned from those who passed before;  
So wisdom grew, a rare and perfect flower,  
Budding, spreading, shedding glorious lore.

But other thoughts have come with life and time,  
Advancing slow, like chime on changing chime.

Irma Curtis, '24.



## THE PINES

Near my home is a lane which is bordered by large pine trees that seem to murmur to each other as they bend and nod in the wind. They stand there so sturdy, and yet so beautiful, seeming to portray the very type of the best sort of man. They proudly lift their heads to bear the winter rains, and then they seem to rejoice when spring comes again.

The voice with which they seem to talk to the wind or to one another cannot be equalled by a thousand Aeolian harps. At times they seem to murmur sadness, while at other times it is only joy and gladness to which they give voice. When the gentle breezes stir through their needles they seem to be crooning a soothing lullaby, while when the wind blows hard they seem to repeat sounds of pain, or to be wailing as if from great sorrow.

But all the day they point to the sunshine, and all the night to the stars. Thus, full of life, they endure through generations, come storm, come shine, drawing their sustenance from the deep bosom of their mother, Earth. And so as the years roll by they learn the mysteries of growth and decay. So on and on through generations, outliving individuals, customs,—all, except human nature.

On some appointed day the wind will win its long battle and will rejoice over its victory, or decay will put its last stroke on its lingering work.

Ethel Wiggins, '25.

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## TOWARD THE SEA

On flows the quiet, softly-running brook,  
Fed by the springs of purest water cold;  
On to the swiftly flowing river bold,  
Far from its birthplace in some virgin nook.

The little stream has wound its laughing way  
To join the mighty river of dull gold,  
Within whose depths lie hidden tales untold,—  
Unwhispered secrets of the night and day.

Howard Fry, '24.

## ALONE

I am alone.  
My thoughts come surging upon me,  
Swirling and whirling in countless eddies,  
Seemingly in endless confusion,  
To flow at last in one strong current.

For tonight my mind dwells on one thing and one alone.  
Tonight I am discouraged,  
And my thoughts flow over events of the day, breaking, and flowing  
again,  
As the waves of the ocean break on the rocks,  
Only to form again and to flow until finally stopped by the shore.  
So my thoughts stop at last  
On the knowledge that I am a failure.

But waves dissolve the shore that stops them,  
And thoughts crumble the knowledge that would hold them.

I am a failure  
In other men's eyes.  
But what of those eyes so far above me?  
What do they see in me?  
Nothing.  
And what do they see in the man called a success?  
Nothing.  
All men are as nothing to them.  
Then I care not how other men see me;  
Leaving them all, I am alone  
With the stars that regard us as equal,  
The stars that regard us with a cold glimmer of light,  
Seeing all men as nothing.

I am alone,  
And peace drifts over me like a soft fog.

Again I am alone.  
But tonight I look not at the stars;  
My thoughts flow over events of the day, and waver o'er them,  
As bees hover above the honey-laden flower.  
For life has been good to me, and my thoughts are pleasant:  
Perhaps my love smiled on me;  
Or perhaps my work was well praised;  
Perhaps I have made new friends,  
For the friendship of men seems good,  
And I care not for the stars that regard us as nothing.

I am alone,  
But my thoughts follow the crowds.

THE BEAR CUB

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Once again I am alone.  
And tonight I care not at all for the opinions of men;  
I do not shun them because  
I am a failure;  
I do not want them because  
I have succeeded;  
I merely do not consider them,  
Because I soon must leave them.

Solitude comes where only the elements are,  
Where none but the strong forces of the earth are found,  
And only when the dark mantle of night folds over all,  
Making all satisfied.

I want the satisfying solitude of the night,  
So, wrapt in its dark blanket pierced only by the searchlights of  
    heaven,  
I go where only the elements are.  
My thoughts rise,—  
They rise in crescendo, as the notes from an instrument,  
Considering life, from protozoan to man,  
And the stars, from the earth to the sun,  
And the elements on the earth, which are stronger than man,  
And the forces that made the earth, which are stronger than the  
    elements.  
I lose the conceit of man,  
And my thoughts all end with wondering.

I am alone with my thoughts,  
And my thoughts cannot be answered.

Fred McMullen, '24.



## AS I PONDER—

Concerning the Relation of Friendship to Chance.

I often wonder about the so-called "great friendships" of this world. I have wondered how they began, and why. I have wondered whether their being is merely accidental, or is a purposed and appointed circumstance. I have tried to find an answer by observing. I have watched the devotion of little tots on the street; I have watched that deeper regard that comes to those of us who are older; but I have not yet found a satisfying answer. Personal experience, however, always a more convincing speaker than either logic or observation, interrupts at this point to give direction to my pondering.

When I first went to kindergarten, everyone sat in double desks. I was told to sit down with a little blue-eyed girl, just about my size. We each had bobbed hair; we each had brown shoes; we each had red first-readers and green number books; and we each decided that bananas were our favorite fruit. Considering all these facts, is it any wonder that we were friends from that minute on? Friendship in children is, after all, such a matter of chance. Suppose the blue-eyed girl had worn her hair in tight braids, or suppose she had disliked bananas; could we have been such friends then?

After kindergarten came grammar school, and Annabel (that was her name) and I were always together. We shared the corner blackboard, and our desks were side by side. We were always partners in the recess games. We began taking music lessons from the same teacher on the same day, and it was then and there that we decided to be music teachers when we "grew up." Our eighth grade graduation costumes were alike, stiff white organdies with white stockings and slippers. We combed our hair alike, too. We wore it down our backs in sleek, neat-looking braids.

Again I wonder, as I recall those days, was all this merely chance? If we had attended different schools, or if we had been separated in some way, we, of course, could not have been such intimate friends. And I wonder, if such had been the case, would I have found some other chum to take Annabel's place? What would have happened if we had disagreed *then* in the choice of dresses or in the style of our shoes?

I ask myself this because, later on, at the time of our high school commencement, we *did* have vast differences of opinion—but how little they mattered! We had lost our very childish desire to look, act, and think precisely the same. We were friends because of, and not in spite of, the fact that we were different; for our graduation dresses were totally unlike, and we frankly quarreled on the subject of flowers. But this disagreement, which would have brought tears had it occurred in childhood, only occasioned loud bursts of laughter from the two of us; and the more we laughed the more we disagreed, and the more we disagreed the more we laughed. There were so many things on which we disagreed. We had forgotten that we were to be music teachers together, for Annabel was studying to teach mathematics, and I took a course in journalism.

It seems odd, but the more we differed, the better we liked each other. As our minds diverged farther and farther, we became in-

(Thirty-three)

## THE BEAR CUB

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creasingly interesting to each other. Our friendship had had so firm a foundation that nothing could shake it. Those many years of past friendship simply *had* to continue.

But in all this have I satisfactorily responded to my query? Or do my musings end, as they began, with a question? Perhaps our meeting was not all mere chance. I cannot say. But even granting that we met by luck, and that our very friendship was but fortune, surely the fact that it has lasted and endured shows that in ourselves lurked some unusual compatability and mutual understanding which enabled us to take advantage of our opportunity.

Chance may have made us friends, but surely it was not chance that has kept us so.

Dorothy Black, '25.



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## IN DREAMS ANONE

(Apologies to Etude)

In dreams alone your face I see,  
In dreams alone you come to me.  
Of a bit of heaven dreams are made,  
For what is done, what plans are laid  
In dreams alone!

Softly stealing you come to me,  
Smiling sweetly; can't you see  
The eagerness I turn to you?  
I wait—I hope! What will you do  
In dreams alone?

With outstretched arms, I see you smile,  
Sweetly, yes, and without guile;  
I hear you murmur tenderly—  
But lo! You vanish, leaving me  
In dreams alone.

William Olsen, '24.

(Thirty-four)

## SUNSET

I stood on a cliff above the ocean, just before the sun dipped below the surface of the water. The last rays formed a golden path on the sea, from the sun to the shore-line where the breakers rolled on the sand. The sky in the west was flushed with rose, and the tiny clouds took on a delicate shell pink. The breaking waves were changed by the sinking sun from drops of water to diamonds and rubies, and even the mist above the ocean became luminous.

Slowly the sun sank lower, until finally its edge seemed to dip below the surface of the water. Then it was that the sun took on new shapes, curious shapes like those of a soft ball that is under too much pressure.

Soon the sun was entirely hidden. The golden path across the water faded, and only a faint afterglow remained to show where the sun had disappeared. Evening crept over the waters.

Marie Miller, '24.

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## GLIMPSES

A golden gleam in the East;  
Soft warbles in leafy trees;  
Pale blue smoke hovering over housetops;  
Shadowy figures passing by:  
Dawn.

A radiant glare of sunlight;  
Crowds rushing to and fro;  
The clarion call of passing cars;  
Music of the factory whistles:  
Noonday.

A flash of crimson in the West;  
Soft whispering among the trees;  
Faint calls of distant workers;  
Crimson changing to violet:  
Sunset.

Stars showing forth shining faces;  
Light breezes blowing through the trees;  
A pale yellow moonlight falling  
Softly over dream-filled arbors:  
Night.

Madeleine Stout, '24.

(Thirty-five)

## ANALOGIES

Dashing waves, like throbbing emotions;  
Flying spray, like unleashed passions.

White-topped mountains, like sombre thinkers;  
Silvered pine trees, like sparkling players.

Stretching rivers, like endless eternity;  
Surging oceans, like seething humanity.

Narrow lives, like gloomy canyons;  
Vivid plains, like broadest visions.

Beauties of nature conjure thoughts like these,  
And minds grow reflective, by analogies.

Fred McMullen, '24.

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## DISILLUSIONMENT

Far beyond low hills  
A mountain hides its massive head  
Above gray veils of smoking cloud.

Long I have watched the mountain  
In its curling, smoky gauze;  
But its crest I cannot see.  
And I wonder what is there  
That it should hide from me  
Forever in the gray.

And its mystery calls me on.

Now I have climbed the mountain  
And passed through its dusky veil.  
But what it hides  
I cannot find;  
For up above the mist  
Are only barren, rolling hills  
That reach out brown and ugly arms.

Why did I not stay below,  
Content with but a dream?

Martha Erwin, '24.

## PYGMALION, 1924

George Cunningham sat on the veranda of one of those lovely hotels that are so numerous around the blue Lake Geneva. It was evening, and the sunset colors were brilliantly reflected on the placid waters of the lake. The sun sank slowly, a ball of fire, leaving in its wake a rainbow-colored sky.

He had just completed the last illustration of a series he was doing for a popular New York magazine, and he wished that he might find, sometime, a girl like the one he had drawn. She was slight, and not too tall, and the way the crisp waves of her curly black hair caressed her cheeks was a good example for all bobbed hair to follow. Laughing black eyes under long lashes fairly snapped with life. And when he had finished with a saucy little nose and a rosebud mouth—well, she was too good to be true.

He glanced idly up from his illustration, and his eyes literally started from his head. For there, not ten feet away, she stood, laughing gaily at the sallies of two men. It was really she, clad in a white dress appliquéd in an all-over pattern with cream kid. Gracing her adorable head was a decidedly clever green sport hat. Subconsciously he told himself that many such frocks and green sport hats would make quite a hole in his monthly income.

As he sat there gaping, the trio turned and walked into the hotel. He recovered consciousness and jumped up, but they had disappeared when he gained the door. He searched in vain—they did not appear for dinner nor during the rest of the evening. He slept little that night, and devised various schemes for introducing himself to her, for he knew no one at the hotel.

Early the next morning he arose and continued his search, but luck seemed against him. Disconsolately he whiled away the remaining interminable hours of the morning, and when it was lunch time, although he was not hungry, he walked into the dining room.

As he glanced around for a table, his spirits rose with a bound, for there, in the most desirable corner, sat his dream lady, looking even more ravishing than on the previous day. She was with a rather corpulent old gentleman—her father, surely—and they were talking earnestly.

Unable to secure a table near her, he ate his luncheon hurriedly, and followed them out when they left the dining room. The two went up the broad stairs, and, determined not to lose her again, he seated himself in the huge lobby, and vowed not to leave until she appeared.

He had not long to wait, for she soon came back. Gracious Goddess of Luck! She was alone, and in hiking togs. Making sure of the direction she took up the mountain, he hurriedly changed his clothes, and struck out up the trail. He climbed desperately for half an hour, and had almost despaired of ever catching up with her, when suddenly, rounding a bend in the trail, he saw her lying at the foot of a huge bank, apparently in great pain. His heart pounded as he hurried to her, and it nearly stopped beating when she raised her great eyes to his, and he saw that they were full of tears.

"Are you hurt?" he solicitously inquired.

"I hope to shout out loud!" was her reply. "I tripped over one of

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### THE BEAR CUB

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these bum puppies of mine, and sprained my ankle. I'm glad you came along, for my ankle's about the size of a barrel, and I'm as cold as a pawnbroker's heart!"

Cunningham, too, suddenly felt chilled, but he gallantly said, "Could you walk back to the hotel with my assistance?"

"Say, dearie, I couldn't even move my trillbies, let alone walk back there."

He winced visibly, and she asked, "Got a pain yourself?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "but I'm afraid you'll have to stay here until I can walk back and get some help. Perhaps you are afraid, though?"

"Say, brother, you couldn't scare me if you tried. Before you go, though, you haven't any water in your jeans, have you? My mouth feels like a Filipino family had just moved out."

He brought her a drink from a nearby stream, and assured her that he would return within an hour. It is true, he sent help to her, but he never saw her again. In fact, he left the hotel that night for Paris.

It is an adventure to which he never refers.

Margaret Wright, '24.



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## JUNE

Growing roses is my pride.  
Just to cheer the love denied  
I have set aside a part  
Of the garden of my heart.  
Do you long to be supplied?

Madeleine Stout, '24.

(Thirty-eight)

## THE CYCLE OF THE PRUNE

Each year, in the season called spring, the valleys and the sloping hillsides of a certain portion of the country are covered with the fragrant, billowy whiteness of numberless hosts of prune trees in blossom. During this season, city-dwellers are wont to drive along the roadways in their shining cars, admiring the blossoms, for they are indeed lovely, and philosophizing in this wise:

"Verily, the farmer hath a soft existence. He hath no worries over rent, and coal, and food, for he is always assured of a living; and, in addition, he hath the privilege of being surrounded by such exquisite loveliness as this."

This philosophy hath a learned and logical sound, but he who possesseth true wisdom turneth a deaf ear unto it, and giveth heed, instead, to the farmer's wife, when she sayeth:

"Look not upon the prune when it blossometh, for it is more deceitful than the Real Estate Agent. Behold, it taketh away the farmer's joy in life, and bringeth him to an early grave."

"With the first fair days in the spring, he beginneth to worry, saying, 'This warm weather will cause the sap to rise, and then the frost will come, and the trees will surely die.'—And such thoughts prevent him from enjoying the sunlight and the singing birds."

"Then it cometh to pass that the trees do blossom, and the farmer loseth much sleep, for he feareth that the rain will come and destroy the blossoms—but the rain cometh not. Instead come hordes of lean and hungry bugs. They come from their lairs in the ground, and from their hiding places in the grass. They come on wings, and they come on legs. They come creeping, and they come crawling—and they seek to devour that which the farmer chooseth to call his 'prospects'—the blossoms."

"The farmer spendeth many precious dollars for a sprayer and for spray. With these he causeth the inroads of the bugs to cease."

"And it cometh to pass that the Weather Man sendeth a frost, and the fruit of the farmer's labors fadeth in a night. He goeth among his orchards in sadness, saying, 'We shall have not even a ton of prunes this season.'—His worry destroyeth his appetite, and the apple pie, which formerly delighted his soul, is devoured in gloomy silence."

"Still the rain cometh not. The ground waxeth dry, insomuch that he must hire a tractor to break up the soil—which consumeth more of his dollars."

"At last cometh the season of harvest. The remains of that which gave promise of being a fine crop, are gathered at the expense of battered knees, stiff muscles, and more of the farmer's fast-dwindling wealth."

"Again the farmer findeth his sleep disturbed by the fear of rain, for he feareth that it will injure the prunes which are slowly drying upon trays in the sun. This time the rain cometh in torrents, and the farmer and the hired man arise in the wee sma' hours and go forth to stack trays, returning later, soaked and dejected."

"At length the sun shineth once more, but in the meantime it hath come to pass that the prunes have sprouted whiskers of a dark blue

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color, which maketh it necessary to re-dip them, and to send them to an evaporator—and there the farmer biddeth an affectionate farewell to his last dollar.

“At length it cometh to pass that the crop is dried and delivered. Some weeks elapse, and finally the farmer receiveth a check for \$635.49 from the Co-operative Marketing Association of which he is a member. And behold, he findeth his expenses to be \$1,248.16—and his dreams are haunted by:

Grocers to right of him,  
Doctors to left of him,  
Merchants in front of him,  
And Hired Men behind him—

all holding out eager hands for their pay.

“Then, too, he beholdeth his house, that it falleth into pieces. The roof leaketh, the plaster falleth from the ceiling, and the walls cry out for paint. He seeth his children that they go about wearing inherited clothing, and his wife, that she groweth prematurely old from overwork—and he is brought down into the very depths of despair, especially when he remembereth that it is time for the pruning of his trees.

“At length he gathereth courage and goeth forth to prune. After weeks of patient toil, he vieweth, with some satisfaction, the neat stacks of brush beneath the trees, thinking, ‘Tomorrow I shall gather them together and burn them.’—But, alas! the rain cometh again like a thief in the night. It continueth for many days, causing the floods to rise and cover his orchards.

“Finally it cometh to pass that the waters subside. The farmer goeth forth and draggeth the disarranged brush from the thick, black mud which holdeth it in an affectionate and sticky embrace, meanwhile contemplating the futility of human existence.

“Therefore, look not upon the prune when it blossometh, for who-soever is deceived thereby is not wise.”

Grace Nichols, '25.

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## PEACE

Through the woods alone I stroll,  
Through the dark and misty green;  
Enduring peace it gives my soul,—  
Nature, silently serene.

Irma Curtis, '24.

(Forty)

## CONTENTMENT

A bird note trills and dies away;  
A stream sings near. The grasses sway  
On graceful stems in rhythmic dance,  
Each blade a shining fairy lance.

The stream with swirling, purling trill  
Runs ever down the cool green hill.  
O'er rocks it churns in frantic speed,  
Nor looks behind. It takes no heed

Of perfumed flowers or busy bees,  
Of crickets' song or moss-hung trees,  
But hastens on. The note, so long  
And softly trilled, becomes a song

Of quiet beauty. The refrain  
Is echoed by the brook again.  
The winds, with breath of incense, blow  
The oak trees' branches to and fro.

Thus in serene content I lie  
Upon the grass. The world goes by  
Far, far below. All thoughts of strife  
Have ceased to be. How sweet this life!

Mary Ann Ravenscroft, '25.

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## NIGHTFALL

Distant bells sound high and thin  
The call of futile, lonely things  
To which they are akin.

Irma Curtis, '24.

(Forty-one)

## REVELATION

Two lives, mine—and the universe;  
Mine seems pitifully small.

Two lives, mine and the butterfly's;  
Mine seems long and worth while.

But whether my life seem great or small,  
Whether it be for a purpose or to no end,  
Be it compared and judged with other lives,  
And found abundant or found lacking,  
Yet it has one thing incomparable.

For love has come into my life,  
And love has become my life.  
Little does love care where my life rest on the stairway of greatness.

I have only one wish, make only one prayer:  
May that life for which alone I live  
Live also only for me.

Two lives, mine and another's,  
Together become all-inclusive.

And I meditate no more on the scope of the universe.

Fred McMullen, '24.

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## ONE HOUR

Days and days trail by with shuffling feet,  
Bringing dust and sand.  
Not even the rain leaves a glittering sparkle;  
Only a dry bag of earth we gather.

So life passes—  
Content dull, like lead;  
Hope that grows to weariness;  
The hard stones of dread.  
Hours and hours of ugliness time sends,  
But of beauty only one.

One flaming hour, warm like the sunset  
In its full-orbed glory.  
No obscure mists, no grayness anywhere;  
A passionate splash of color;  
A late awakening of the night,  
Arousing life to singing happiness at last.

Irma Curtis, '24.

## CHIAROSCURO

The red, glowing sun, a brilliant disc, glorifying the sky with magnificent masses of purple, rose, and orange, stood poised above the western hills—as though, in his great conceit, he condescended to give to the world of common things one last glimpse of his royal features before he should turn his back on it to journey to other realms,—to the Orient, to cast a golden glow over the purple hills of China, to brighten the countenances of the peoples.

\* \* \* \* \*

The lengthening shadows were enclosing the little schoolhouse in the valley. Inside, at the scarred old desk, there sat a crumpled-up figure, in its clenched hand a long envelope, suggestive of manuscripts, and, at the same time, of editors. The whole picture was a personification of despair. The deep-set, beautiful gray eyes stared sombrely, hopelessly, unmovingly, ahead. Suddenly, as he watched the sun before its final dip, a strange light crept into the man's eyes, a haunting smile quavered across his set lips, and he said, "And so has the light left me."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dignified, slow, came the cattle across the fields, a dog running at their heels, in wild, joyous impatience. The cattle looked down on him from their impeccable heights of superiority, while he, happy because his young master was happy, wondered why the slow beasts would not hurry, would not dance across the fields, as he and his young master were doing. Gayly whistling, the boy followed. He paused on the brow of the hill to gaze at the setting sun. To him it brought only joy, for did it not proclaim that after a few hours of deep, restful sleep, a new day would dawn, heralding the circus, with all its mysteries and colorful visions? He turned and tramped on after the plodding cattle.

\* \* \* \* \*

The tramp slept, and, if one were to judge by the ear, slept soundly. Stretched at full length on the grass under a great tree, his toes peeping through worn shoes, his suit in rags, he presented a sorry spectacle. The sunlight filtered through the leaves and danced across his body and his face. The face was a study. Beautifully shaped, and crowned with a thick shock of curly brown hair, it yet had a weak mouth, expressive of loose living. The closed eyes were underlined with ugly puffs; the nose was beautiful. There came an ugly little mongrel, dirty and wretched-looking, and licked the man's hands. Receiving no response, he traversed the unanswering one's stomach and chest, reaching his face, which he proceeded to lick. The man awoke with an angry ejaculation and gesture. But when he saw the cowering, cringing little creature, he reached out a hand and petted the dog's head. There passed between them the look of friendless to friendless, and they were united. Together they watched the sunset.

\* \* \* \* \*

All was peace and quiet within the church. The last rays of the sun, dancing across the stained-glass windows, made fairy-like tracings of delicate color on the floor, reaching to the kneeling figure before the altar. The intense silence, broken only by the buzzing of insects

(Forty-three)

### THE BEAR CUB

heard through the open door, gave a sense of being far apart from all things worldly. Motionless, in this attitude of helplessness, the girl still knelt and prayed, until finally the fairy colors reached her head, when, from some unseen opening, the pure golden sunlight streamed in upon her, making a halo of her glorious hair. Suddenly she rose, arms outstretched, a new light in her eyes. To her had been given the oft-denied power to see. She went forth, to perform her mission among her fellow men.

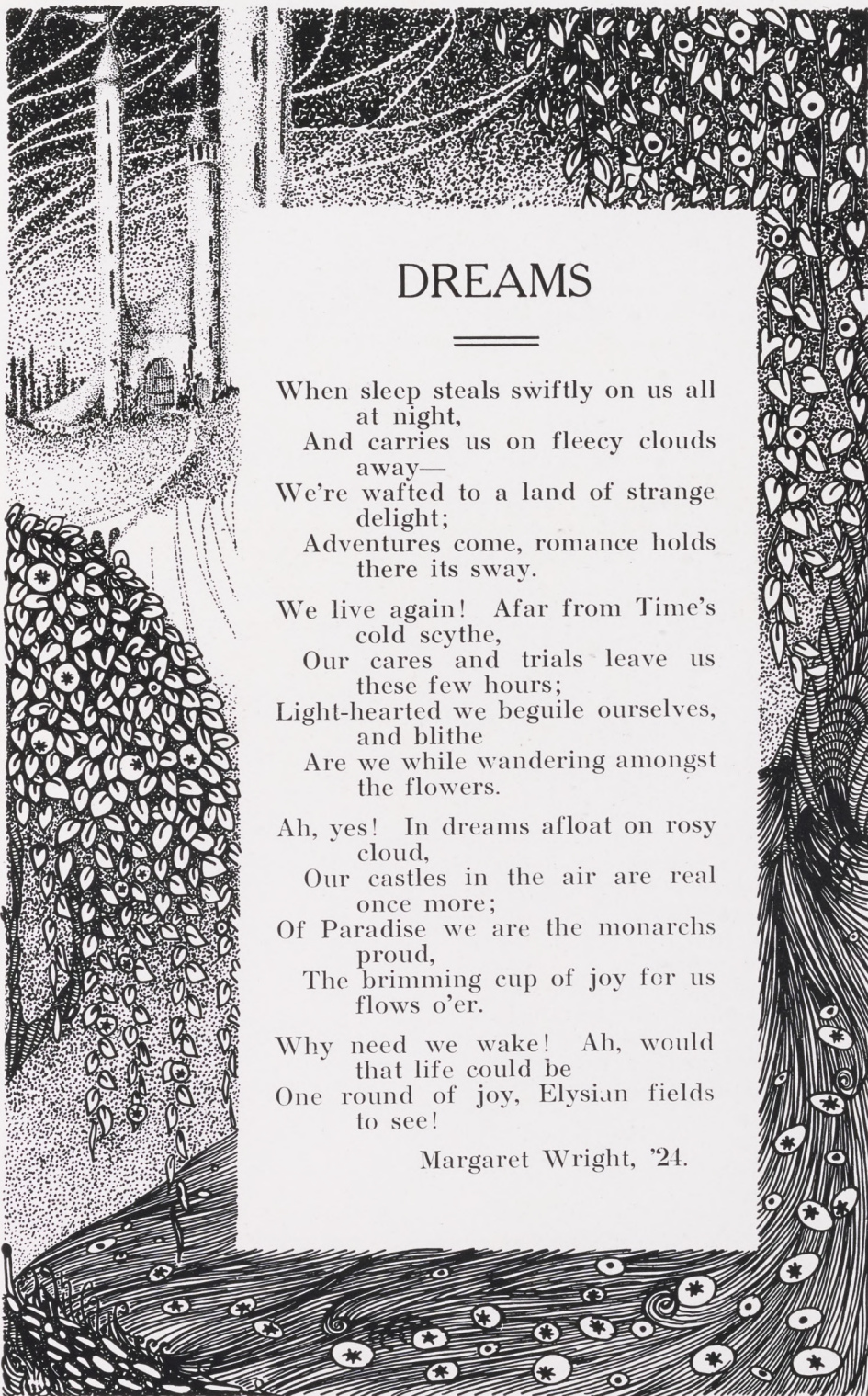
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The sun dipped, suddenly, behind the hills, leaving but a roseate afterglow in the sky. The magnificent masses of purple, rose, and orange gradually receded, and mingled with the oncoming twilight.

All was peace and quiet.

Evelyn K. Feliz, '24.





## DREAMS

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When sleep steals swiftly on us all  
at night,  
And carries us on fleecy clouds  
away—

We're wafted to a land of strange  
delight;  
Adventures come, romance holds  
there its sway.

We live again! Afar from Time's  
cold scythe,

Our cares and trials leave us  
these few hours;

Light-hearted we beguile ourselves,  
and blithe

Are we while wandering amongst  
the flowers.

Ah, yes! In dreams afloat on rosy  
cloud,

Our castles in the air are real  
once more;

Of Paradise we are the monarchs  
proud,

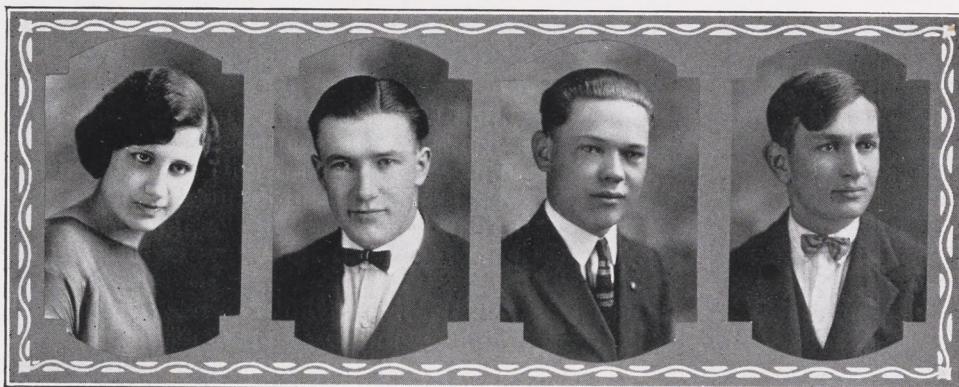
The brimming cup of joy for us  
flows o'er.

Why need we wake! Ah, would  
that life could be

One round of joy, Elysian fields  
to see!

Margaret Wright, '24.

# THE BEAR CUB



EVELYN FELIZ

STANLEY AUSTIN

RAY KROTSER

WILLIAM OLSEN

## The Bear Cub

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(Forty-six)

THE BEAR CUB



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ROY WATERMAN  
ASA SULLIVAN

JOHN ROSASCO  
FRED FELLOWS  
JOSEPH CUNEO

(Forty-seven)

## EDITORIAL

Strange—how often we hear, “How little we appreciate those things nearest us!” And yet—stranger still—how seldom do we apply this thought to ourselves. We say, “How true!”, and forget it all in the terrible pressure of our so-important affairs, which, when we consider the grandeur of Nature, its beauties and resources, seem but petty trifles. For, indeed, beauty and utility are all-important, and together are—Nature; and Sonoma county is endowed with Nature’s best.

We may read beauty into everything our eyes perceive throughout the length and breadth of our county. Three lone poplars in a field—a perfect picture. If it were on canvas, we would exclaim joyfully at its beauty. Seeing it stand life-size before our eyes, we fail to appreciate it. A single oak-tree on a mound, its gnarled old branches entwined with lichen. Beautiful. Of course, we all appreciate the Russian River, but, if one must be positively truthful, only as it affords us the pleasure of swimming between its verdant banks. And we must admit that we are only vaguely aware of the prune and apple orchards in blossom; the sloping vineyards, the drooping vines bearing their burden of huge, purple grapes; the old missions and forts, reminding us of old-time Spanish rule in California—for it was in the city of Sonoma that the Bear Flag was first raised.

So one could descant for hours upon the merits and beauties of our luxuriant county, upon the works of Luther Burbank and others who have made our county world-famous. Indeed, where else within a radius of thirty miles can one find the variety of scenery, the agricultural resources, the business opportunities, to be found in Sonoma County?

What more fitting place, then, for our young people to receive the first two years of their college instruction than in a county so abounding in richness? Let us, therefore, take a new stand, and henceforth see the Santa Rosa Junior College from a new viewpoint—considering it as an uncut gem in a gorgeously beautiful but quite appropriate setting.

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## BEAR FACTS

The biggest work of the Booster Club has been the installation of a weekly newspaper. A contest for a name was held, and Miss Edith Letold submitted the very clever “Bear Facts.” With the election of Madeleine Stout as editor and Fred Fellows as business manager, the success of the paper was assured. Each Monday finds each student ready with his nickel, and the snappy news articles, jokes, and editorials are read with much gusto.

It is to be hoped that the student body next year will continue this worthy project.

(Forty-eight)



# THE YEAR

## ASSOCIATED STUDENT BODY

### Officers—Fall Semester

President .....	Joseph Swyers
Vice-President .....	Maybelle Nisson
Secretary .....	Evelyn Feliz
Treasurer .....	Frances Jones
Social Manager .....	Clarice Collister
Publicity Manager .....	Fred Fellows
Men's Athletic Manager.....	Howard Fry
Women's Athletic Manager.....	Mabel Wiggins
Yell Leader .....	Kenneth Shaffer
Editor of the Annual.....	Evelyn Feliz
Manager of the Annual.....	Ray Krotser

### Officers—Spring Semester

President .....	Joel Mallory
Vice-President .....	Norma Hastings
Secretary .....	Evelyn Feliz
Treasurer .....	William Olsen
Social Manager .....	Clarice Collister
Publicity Manager .....	Fred Fellows
Men's Athletic Manager.....	Theodore Woolsey
Women's Athletic Manager.....	Maybelle Nisson
Yell Leader .....	Kenneth Shaffer
Editor of the Annual.....	Evelyn Feliz
Business Manager .....	Ray Krotser

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Due to the fact that the students attending junior college do not know each other before coming here, and to the fact that the sophomore class is comparatively small, the student body does not become organized as quickly as it would if this were not the case. The membership of junior college is rapidly increasing, however, and in a short time there will be enough sophomores to insure an immediate start of activities each fall. For the past three years our student body membership has shown a very rapid increase, the average gain

(Fifty)



JOSEPH SWYERS  
NORMA HASTINGS  
CLARICE COLLISTER  
WILLIAM OLSEN

FLOYD P. BAILEY, DEAN  
FRANCES JONES  
MABEL WIGGINS  
HOWARD FRY

JOEL MALLORY  
EVELYN FELIZ  
FRED FELLOWS  
THEODORE WOOLSEY

MAYBELLE NISSON  
KENNETH SHAPPER  
RAY KROTZER

## THE BEAR CUB

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being about fifty per cent each year. This year there are about seventy members in Junior College, and they have shown their willingness to make our organization a success by being one hundred per cent members of the Associated Student Body.

During the fall semester the student body held meetings once every two weeks, but the spring term has been so filled with various activities that we have averaged one assembly a week, with an occasional "special assembly" thrown in for good measure. At these assemblies the regular work of the student body has been taken up, such as elections, financial matters, and granting of blocks. If one of the teams had a game scheduled, a rally would be held in conjunction with the meeting. Often we have had very interesting speakers from the business and professional world, who have told us of their ideals and experiences. Mr. Bailey has spoken at almost every assembly, and many of our achievements have been direct results of his talks.

The student body has consistently supported all things scholastic, social, and athletic for the good of junior college. A high standard of scholarship has been maintained, our social events have been very successful, and our teams have proved themselves to be on a par with other junior college teams.

At the beginning of football season new equipment was ordered, and our football coach, Mr. C. Tauzer, was engaged. The student body also approved Mr. Tauzer as basket-ball coach. We had successful seasons in both these major sports. Mr. Bailey coached the baseball team, which has had an unusually good record.

The Freshman Reception, held early in the first semester, was the first social event of the school year. At this party the students became better acquainted with each other and with the faculty, and the junior college spirit established itself as a reality. Many dances and parties have been held since then, all of them proving very successful. Our official social year ended on the last Saturday in May, when we gave the "Senior Dance," in honor of the juniors and seniors of the various high schools of the vicinity.

With finals nearly here, and with summer vacation only a few days away, we realize that the year is practically over. We are proud of what we have accomplished, and those of us who have now completed the course in junior college will carry with us the memory of many happy, worthwhile days spent here.

## BOOSTER CLUB

With a larger student body, with its accompanying larger scope of activities, the need was felt for a smaller organized group to "push" things, to keep up the interest and enthusiasm of the student body as a whole. For this reason the Booster Club was formed, with twenty charter members as a nucleus.

For a new organization, the club has made great headway. A constitution was drawn up, provisions were made to accept new members, officers were elected, and the club was ready to start its big work. Under its auspices many rallies have been held, and the organization has served to uphold and to give direction to the general fine spirit of the student body.

When the Booster Club and its motives become better known, there will be more widespread enthusiasm for the organization, and the student body will derive more benefit from its activities.



(Fifty-three)

## Geology and Mineralogy Trips

Those students taking either geology or mineralogy are especially fortunate. Mr. Scott, the instructor, finds time to take the two classes each year on a number of trips that are both instructive and pleasurable. During the last year the two classes enjoyed some of the trips together, and some as individual classes. The first trip was made by the geology class to Mt. Hood. A most enjoyable time was had by all, it being the first time a number of the students had ever made the climb.

One of the most interesting of all the trips was made by both the classes to the Sonoma County Geysers. The classes worked together and secured data about all the accessible springs and fumaroles. After the phenomena had been thoroughly studied, the classes had a very pleasant lunch and outing at this most weird of California's beauty spots.

The geology class then made a trip over the new highway up Mt. St. Helena, stopping at the Calistoga Geysers en route. The beauty of the geysers was fully appreciated by the college students, and close beside the largest of them lunch was eaten.

In the spring semester these trips continued to be as popular as ever. The next geology trip was through the Russian River section and the Alexander Valley country, ending at the Petrified Forest. This trip caused five of the class to become enthusiastic Dort adherents, and they claim to be the best automobile "shovers" in the college.

The last trip taken by the geology class was in conjunction with the botany and zoology classes. This trip was the most interesting of all. In spite of the fact that the tides necessitated the party's leaving at four in the morning, an unusually large number made the journey. A launch with some small boats behind carried the party across the bay and back again. Mr. Scott and Mr. Baker explained and classified practically every object of scientific interest that was encountered on the half-day hike.

Mr. Scott is well acquainted with the country in the vicinity of Santa Rosa, and students go to the most interesting places within reach. Some of the things and places they were fortunate enough to see were: The columnar structure in the Mill Creek canyon, the huge Mayacamos slide in Alexander Valley, the abandoned quick-silver mine on the far side of Mt. St. Helena, and the metamorphic region in the Mark West Creek Valley. Stops at these points were made en route to the place of particular interest for that day.

The mineralogy class went to San Francisco, where they visited the Golden Gate Park Museum and the State Mining Bureau Museum. This trip was very instructive as well as interesting.

The class later visited Sulphur Bank and Borax Lake, in Lake County. This was probably the longest trip taken, and was also one of the most unusual. Borax Lake is a strange feature, and it and Sulphur Bank played an important part in early California history. Another trip was taken to the pyrite deposits on Dry Creek.

Altogether these trips have been keenly enjoyed, and next year's students can look forward to every one scheduled for them.

(Fifty-four)

## JUNIOR COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

This year seems to have been a year of innovations in junior college, and not the least of these innovations is the junior college orchestra, a group which has succeeded, in a remarkably short time, in making a name for itself. Under the decidedly capable leadership of Miss Helen Cochrane, head of the music department, a number of potential players were brought together and molded into a first-class orchestra. Only those of us who have closely watched their progress can fully realize the ceaseless effort put into this task by both Miss Cochrane and her band of workers.

However, we all realize the wonderful result, and are proud of our orchestra, for we know that it is capable of furnishing music for any and every occasion. Upon its first formal appearance it provided the music for the high school operetta, given at the G. and S. Theater, where it created a sensation by its splendid work.

The members of the orchestra are: Helena Litton, piano; Charles Niles, Alan Evans, Fred Rogers, violin; Joseph Swyers, clarinet; Eugene Brownscombe, flute; Theodore Woolsey, trombone; Joel Mallory, banjo. Three high school boys, Wesley Goodwin, saxophone; Donald Wade, drums; and Howard Richards, cornet, have helped out on many occasions.

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## THE ANNUAL BOOSTING TRIP

Under the auspices of the Booster Club the junior college student body again held the annual boosting trip, which was instituted to advertise the college. Each year a representative group of students presents a varied program before the student bodies of the various high schools of the county, the aim being to interest the high school students in junior college life. This plan has been found truly beneficial, for many high school students who otherwise would probably not consider attending a junior college are thus interested and decide to attend this institution. This year's trip has included many more high schools than have those of any previous year, and from all appearances it may be expected that the junior college enrollment will be at least doubled in the fall.



## THE BEACH PARTY

As our book goes to press, plans are being completed for the week-end party at Dillon's Beach, May 23 to 25. Three cottages have been rented, a large crowd is signing up, and there is every evidence that a rousing good time will be had.

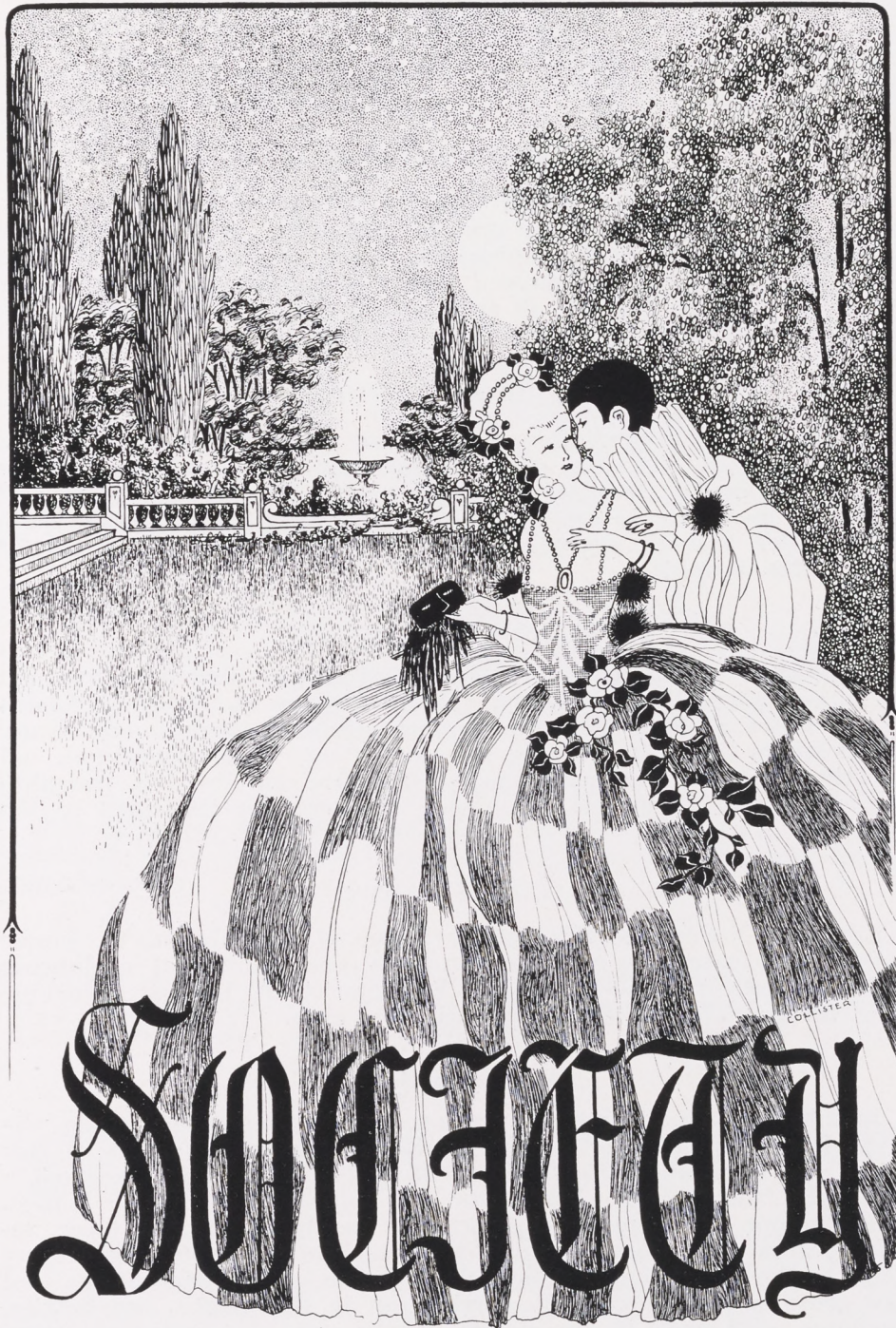
As the spicy smells of Christmas stir memories, so these preparations remind the "old-timers" of last May's beach party, also held at Dillon's. Last year, although the party did not leave until about four o'clock, classes were null and void all day the Friday of the departure. Instructors received but scant attention from their hitherto so attentive students. Bandanna-wrapped parcels, suitcases, handbags, blankets, bathing-caps, curling-irons, and other implements filled every nook and cranny in the building. We were surprised at seeing many of our well-dressed "sheiks" turn out in flannel shirts and heavy boots.

When we arrived at our two-story cottage the kitchen shift got busy. Then for a goodly while there was comparative silence, as we consumed acres of salad, linear miles of sandwiches, and many "hunks" of cake. Then to the beach, where snap-the-whip, tag, and other childhood games were played. At a late hour the noisy party re-entered the cottage and prepared for repose. Downstairs, there were two beds, to be shared by about twelve men. Upstairs, the women fared rather better, with two beds (small), two cots, and a mattress on the floor. Repose was the one thing which intruded not upon that hectic night, nor upon the night which followed. After several hours of indefinable commotion, an hour or two of sleep were enjoyed.

Another K. P. shift was on duty in the morning, and made stacks of flapjacks to rival the Woolworth Building. Under the able guidance of the men of the party, these disappeared in a few moments. Coffee, golden eggs, juicy ham, toast, marmalade, and other good things disappeared with equal rapidity. A lunch was then packed, and the party hiked several miles to another beach, returning late in the afternoon, tired, dirty, and hungry. A swim was heartily enjoyed. After a dance in the evening, Stacy was heard to remark, "Gee! I ought to sleep good tonight! There's only gonna be four fellows in the bed."

Sunday was spent in swimming, eating, playing baseball, "listening-in" on the radio, and preparing for the homeward journey.

Those who went will always remember the party at Dillon's as one of the best times of their junior college life. Those who are going this year will have an equally good time, and will return lamenting only the fact that the time passed all too quickly.



## SOCIETY

The life and true spirit of the college have certainly shone forth in the numerous successful social activities of the last year.

### FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The first of these activities was the Freshman Reception. This party was given in the latter part of September at the Chamber of Commerce Hall. Here the sophomores made great sport of the many little green freshies, and showed them the narrow path which they must tread in the future. In spite of all this, the freshmen had a good time, although they were loath to admit it.

### FRESHMAN RETURN

To show their appreciation of the good spirit shown them by the sophomores, the freshmen gave a return party at the home of Miss Cecile La Violette. Dancing, amid the pretty decorations of blue and gold, was the main feature of the evening. Ice cream and cake were served later, and the guests all departed with a true appreciation of the Freshman spirit.

### HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Black cats, witches, jack-o-lanterns, and ghosts ushered in the next social event, a Hallowe'en party, which was given in a large feed barn at the home of Miss Maybelle Nisson. Dancing, games, and many weird stunts filled the evening to overflowing. The decorations, tall ghostly cornstalks and spooky jack-o-lanterns; and the eats, pumpkin pie, cider, and doughnuts, all helped to carry out the spirit of the evening.

### ALUMNI PARTY

Early in November, Ernest Baer, one of the alumni of junior college, entertained a group of students and alumni at a dancing party in the Girl Reserves' Hall. Everyone there had an enjoyable time, meeting old friends and making new ones.

### CHRISTMAS PARTY

Just before the Christmas vacation, another enjoyable party was given in the Chamber of Commerce Hall. The main feature of this event was a beautiful tree laden with gifts. Each guest received a mock gift from "Santa Claus," who was impersonated by Joe Cuneo. This pastime afforded great sport for the spectators, as those receiving gifts had to open them in the center of the room and display them to the view of all. The color scheme of the decorations, red and green, was very cleverly carried out in fir boughs, red berries, mistletoe, and even in the punch, which was also red and green. "Red" Hawk and his brother furnished the music for dancing.

(Fifty-eight)

## THE BEAR CUB

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### BASKETBALL BANQUET

Another social event of the season was a banquet, or "feed," given in honor of the basketball squad that fought so hard for the junior college on the Stanford court. This affair was given in the banquet room at Hall's, where a tamale feed was followed by speeches from the dean, the coach, and members of the team. After the banquet a few hours were spent in dancing.

### AFTER-EX RELAPSE

The Friday evening after all finals were over, Joel Mallory entertained the mind-weary J. C. students at his home. Among good eats and a few other minor details will be remembered the ball game which was held in the living-room.

### LEAP-YEAR PARTY

One party of the season that aroused the particular interest of the men of junior college was the Leap-year party which was given early in February at the Plover home. The crowd was entertained by games, feature dances, and a mock-wedding. Ice cream and cake were served at the midnight hour. This was truly "Men's Night," as the women acted as escorts to and from the party.

### MARCH 28

Harvey Sullivan and Armand Saare were hosts to a number of junior college students at a very enjoyable party given at the Sullivan home on McDonald Avenue. Dancing and games were the diversions of the evening. Refreshments were served at midnight.

### BEACH PARTY

The following Sunday about three carloads of J. C. students enjoyed the day at Dillon's Beach—eating, playing ball, and getting their feet wet.

### INFORMAL DANCING PARTY

On the first evening of vacation Miss De Ette Winters was hostess at a charming informal dancing party. Refreshments and a few games added to the pleasure of the evening.

### LAKE COUNTY

On the following Sunday about twenty students from junior college motored through Lake County. A delightful day was enhanced by swimming and picnicing.

### J. C. DAY

Among the great events of the year may be classed J. C. Day, which was held on Thursday, May 8. A track meet, in which the frosh defeated the sophs, and a swim and wienie roast at Hilton were the main events of the day.

(Fifty-nine)

### DILLON'S

The most successful informal affair of the season was the house-party which was held at Dillon's Beach the week-end beginning May 23. No sleep, good eats, surf-bathing (at all hours), steak-roasts on the beach, gang fights, dancing, serenades (also at all hours), berry pickings, long walks, "sand fleas," and good chaperons all contributed toward a most glorious time. Besides members of junior college, several of our alumni were present.

### SENIOR RECEPTION

On May 31 the students of the junior college entertained the juniors and seniors of the county at a reception, given in the new Lincoln auditorium. Good music and daintily artistic decorations contributed much to the distinct success of the evening's entertainment. The efforts of a gracious reception committee offered to the juniors and seniors present an opportunity to meet and become acquainted with one another, and with the college students.



THE BEAR CUB

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# DRAMA

(Sixty-one)

## ROLLO'S WILD OAT

Claire Kummer's gay comedy, "Rollo's Wild Oat," was presented on the twenty-first of December, at the high school annex, by the class in Public Speaking. The wit and humor of the lines, as well as the splendid performance of the well-chosen cast, carried the play to a most wonderful success.

The outstanding parts were those of the principals, Miss Vivian Olson, as Goldie McDuff, an actress, and Mr. Carleton Spridgen, as Rollo. They were most ably supported by the other members of the cast. Mr. Ravenscroft, in the breezy character of Mr. Stein, a theatrical manager, was well received, as was Mr. Austin, as Hewston, Rollo's man. Miss LaViolette, in the role of the experienced Mrs. Park-Gales, deserves special note, as does Mr. Hale, as George Lucas, an actor. The whole cast is to be congratulated on the excellent performance, but the one person who deserves the utmost of praise and congratulations is the director of the play, Miss Catherine L. Fields, to whose untiring efforts its success is due.

Incidental music was furnished by Leonard Hawk, Marion Hawk, and Charles Niles.

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Hewston, Rollo's Man .....	Stanley Austin
Lydia, Rollo's Sister .....	Rose Herbert
Rollo Webster, a Youth with Aspirations.....	Carleton Spridgen
Mr. Stein, a Theatrical Manager .....	Henry Ravenscroft
Goldie McDuff, an Actress.....	Vivian Olson
George Lucas, an Actor .....	Stuart Hale
Mrs. Park-Gales.....	} All of the } Cecile LaViolette
Whartley Camperdown.....	
Thomas Skitterling.....	
	} Profession } Gayle Johnson
	} Roy Waterman
Aunt Lane, Rollo's Great-aunt .....	
Horatio Webster, Rollo's Grandfather .....	
Bella, Housemaid at the Websters' .....	
Mary Ann Ravenscroft	
Max Estill	
Jane Noonan	

## THE MAN FROM HOME

The drama class of the Junior College is to be congratulated upon the success of its play, which was presented on the afternoon of Friday, May 9, 1924.

"The Man From Home" went over in first-class shape. There was every difficulty to meet, but there is always a way out of difficulties. The audience was quite large, although not a record-breaker. It was appreciative and inspiring. The Annex stage, always such a problem,

(Sixty-two)

## THE BEAR CUB

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was transformed, under the magic of Ernest Baer's hands, into a most wonderful Italian garden scene.

Our old students always stand by us in the time of need. Ernest Baer, who was just home from the University of California, where he has been studying Art and Dramatics, spared no labor in the decorating of the stage and in the makeup of the actors. (Betty Bentley is *not* as old as she looked. Frances Jones and Evelyn Feliz are not bad-lookers, but powder and paint, footlights and distance can certainly work miracles.)

Speaking of our old students—a week before the play, the directors had to look for a man to take the title role. Mr. Elvyn Pye, with characteristic energy and good will, agreed to “try it.” The play was made; Daniel Voorhees Pike, well cast, is half the battle. Mr. Pye's achievement was remarkable. Even under ordinary circumstances Tarkington and Wilson, the authors, might have been proud of his interpretation of Pike; but with only a week-end and four busy days given for preparation, his success was nothing less than remarkable.

Frances Jones, in the role of the American girl, Miss Ethel Granger-Simpson, was fiery and gentle by turns, foolish and finally wise, and always attractive. Her work as lead in the “Manoeuvres of Jane” last year was surprisingly good, but she surpassed herself in the role of the American girl. Evelyn Feliz was exceptionally good in the character of the French madame. Her accent was well-nigh perfect, and the French sparkle was always there. Miss Feliz also has done fine work the past two years in college dramatics, and she will be greatly missed. Betty Bentley's “don't mumble your words” brought generous laughter every time.

Ottmar Breiling's part, that of the English lord and villain, was well sustained throughout. Dignity and ease were justly combined with the wily suavity of the well-bred rascal, in the character of the Earl of Hawcastle.

Carleton Spridgen, as Hawcastle's son, with a sense of humor matching his father's, was a favorite with the audience. His appearance, even without the pup, was a signal for laughter.

The part of the Russian Grand-Duke was well taken by Roy Waterman; and Stuart Hale as the Russian brigand and fugitive was very convincing. Carleton Rank, in the role of Horace Granger-Simpson, made an admirable lover. Horace was in love, all right, but pitifully unable to express his passion in words.

Among the lesser parts were the active soldiers, Joe Cuneo and William Olsen, who were really on the stage too short a time to satisfy the audience. Eugene Brownscombe made a grave, dignified secretary to the Grand-Duke, and he, as well as Charles Niles as Michele the waiter, had small opportunity on the stage. To them, however, as well as to Farrell Rose, the hotel-keeper, must be given a great deal of praise for their work in preparing the stage.

Last, but by far not least, to the director of the play, Miss Catherine Fields, goes the utmost of praise and congratulations, for without her untiring help and coaching, the play could not have been the wonderful success that it was.





September, 1923

- 17th—Registration Day. Freshmen awed by curriculum vocabulary.
- 19th—Class work begins.
- 24th—Sophomore class elects officers and plans Freshman Reception.
- 25th—Nominations of student body officers.
- 26th—Freshman class meeting.
- 27th—Assembly. Football season discussed. Mr. Tauzer voted coach.
- 28th—Freshman Reception. While perched on a step-ladder, decorating for the reception, Miss Feliz narrowly escapes serious injury from a falling chandelier.
- 29th—Sophomores clean up hall after party. Mr. Swyers nobly disposes of the last drop of punch, and then drops Miss Nisson's cake plate on the sidewalk. Spends remainder of day searching for an alibi. Football practice begins.

October, 1923

- 2nd—A number of sophomore men outwit a certain freshman student whom they gave a ducking by way of introduction to the college.
- 4th—Football practice in D Street continued.
- 5th—Assembly. Mr. Cross gives an interesting talk on college education.
- 6th—Mr. Fry and a number of worthy Lion Tamers evidence shrewd business ability by selling ice cream at a Santa Rosa High School football game.
- 10th—Freshman class candy sale. Local dentists work overtime.
- 11th—Football scrimmage with Santa Rosa High School.
- 12th—Freshman Return at the home of Miss Cecile La Violette in Petaluma.
- 17th—First football game of the season. J. C. defeats Analy by score of 28-0.
- 19th—Assembly. Plans of general interest for athletics. Arrangements for Ft. Bragg game discussed.
- 23rd—Clock in Blue Lodge Room shows correct time. Faculty making careful observations of Mr. Fellows' mental condition.
- 26th—Basketball game with Analy.

### THE BEAR CUB

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31st—Assembly. Rally in honor of team. Mr. Tauzer talks on college spirit. Faculty party.

#### November, 1923

- 1st—Early hours ushered in by Hallowe'en party that began on the evening of October 31. Mr. Swyers' shoes prevent him from dancing.
- 10th—Party given by Ernest Baer at Girl Reserve Hall. Several alumni present.
- 13th—In English IIA Mr. Olsen flourishes two compositions. Class wonders?
- 15th—Candy sale.
- 20th—Basketball supplants football. Players sign up.
- 21st—Assembly. Committee appointed to draw up new constitution. P. G. and E. makes money as J. C. students prepare for mid-terms.
- 22nd—Girls' basketball team plays a tie game with the night school team.
- 26th—Miss Collier stricken with the measles.
- 27th—A number of former students visit junior college.
- 28th—Thanksgiving vacation begins.

#### December, 1923

- 3rd—Students return to work after their first square meal of the year. Assembly. Since only two games of football were played, it was decided not to award blocks to the team.
- 5th—Mob scene at entrance to Blue Lodge Room. Scholarship records posted.
- 7th—Basketball rally.
- 10th—Junior college wins debate from Santa Rosa High School. Question: "Resolved, That France was justified in her occupation of the Ruhr."
- 11th—Basketball rally. J. C. defeats Anal. Miss Collier recovers from the measles.
- 14th—Meeting held for discussion of the organization of a debating society. Plans completed for the basketball game to be played with the Stanford freshmen on January 19, 1924. Calistoga and St. Helena games played. Certain members of the team have difficulty in finding Calistoga.
- 17th—Mr. Hawk forgets to say, "Holy Cow" when an English composition is returned to him.
- 21st—Assembly. J. C. orchestra makes debut. Miss Black and Mr. Barker entertain with readings. "Rollo's Wild Oat" presented in afternoon. Christmas party in evening. School closes for Christmas vacation.
- 27th—Basketball game with Napa. Coach Tauzer and a number of players get lost on the way home.

#### January, 1924

- 5th—Vacation nearing its end. Last minute rush on at the library.
- 7th—School opens.

(Sixty-six)

THE BEAR CUB



Jos.  
G.



Dillons



Heart  
Throbs



"Holy Cow!"



Fast Flapper.



Inc.  
"O O X"



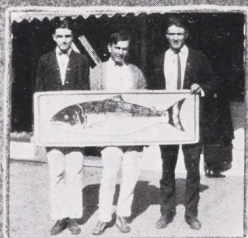
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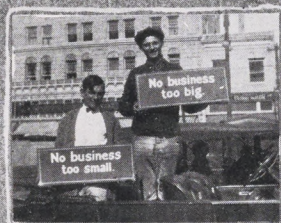
GARBAGE



3 Aces.



Whooza  
FISH?



Monkey Business



Specimens

## THE BEAR CUB

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- 9th—Mr. Olsen enters the Blue Lodge Room quietly.
- 14th—Booster Club organized.
- 17th—Enthusiastic rally held for basketball team that will play the Stanford freshmen on the 19th.
- 19th—Basketball game with Stanford freshmen. Mr. Bath reaches Palo Alto by various train, bus, and pedestrian routes.
- 21st—Booster banquet held at Hall's in honor of the basketball team.
- 22nd—Members of the public speaking class organize a debating club. Lion Tamers hold luncheon, High Liederkrantz Olsen presiding.
- 24th—Booster Club meeting. Plan for serving refreshments to the teams after the next game.
- 26th—Basketball game with Y. M. I. of Petaluma. Score 40-20, in favor of J. C.
- 29th—Arrangements made for San Jose game. Many bashful Lion Tamers absent from school.

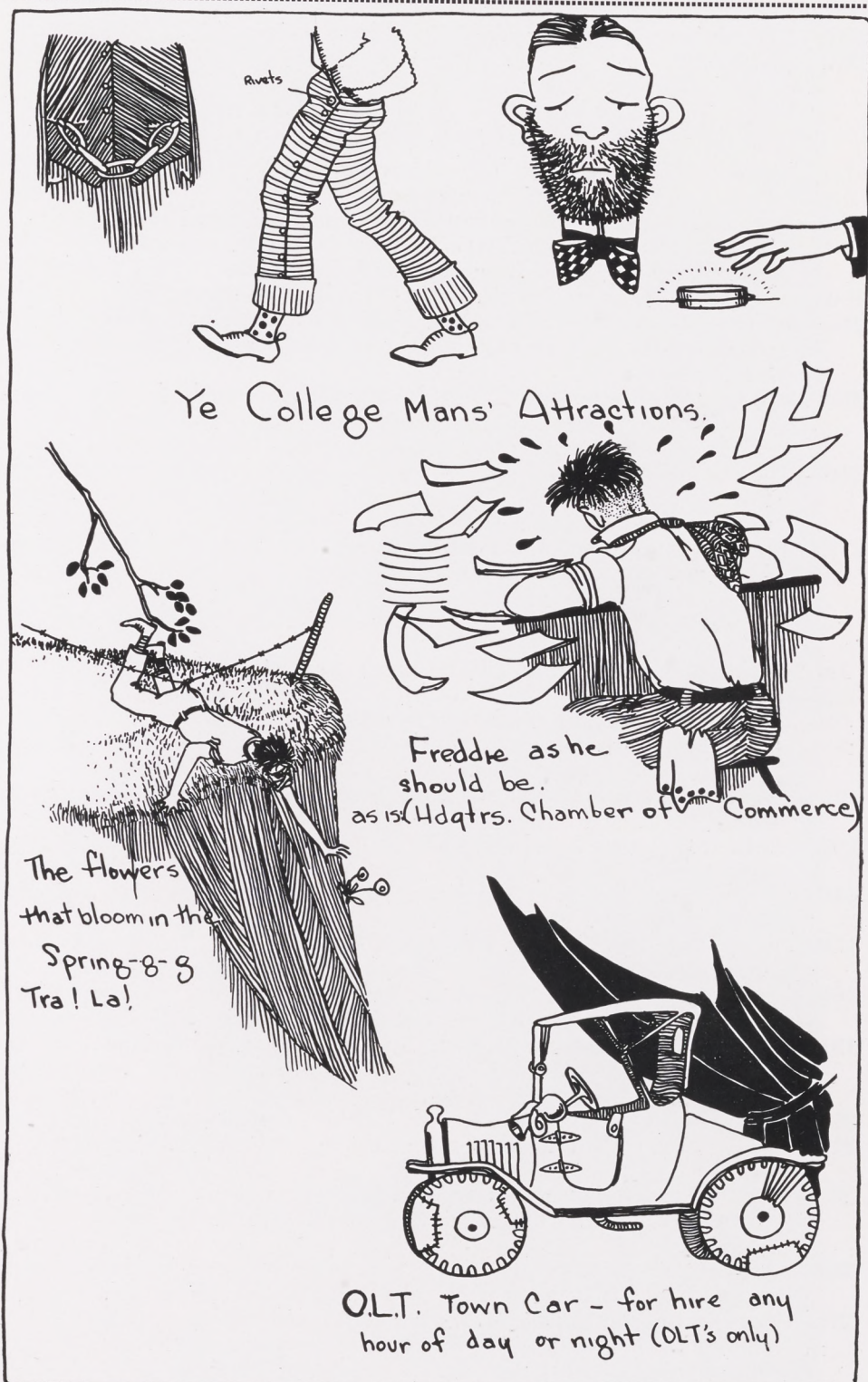
### February, 1924

- 1st—Assembly. Rev. Emmons, speaker.
- 4th—Finals begin.
- 6th—Reign of silence in the Blue Lodge Room, broken only by the occasional pop of an ink bottle stopper.
- 7th—Mr. Fellows has ceased his terrorizing quotations from Shakespeare.
- 8th—Finals end. Students spend the night in sleeping.
- 11th—Registration day.
- 12th—Student body meeting. Nominations for offices; that of yell leader proves to be of unusual popularity.
- 13th—A number of J. C. students hear the lecture of Frederick Ward.
- 15th—Basketball rally for San Jose game. Mr. John P. Plover, speaker. Mr. Ted Woolsey looks for a "super-saturated" crowd at the game. Demonstration of J. C. cars on Fourth Street arouses public interest in the game. Score 44-43, in favor of San Jose.
- 22nd—Miss Cochrane in Music IB: "Mr. Fry, 'Thou Sweetest Maiden'—" Class petrified into silence, then snickers.

### March, 1924

- 4th—Blue jeans prevailing style among the men.
- 7th—Assembly. Mr. Casey speaks in honor of Luther Burbank's birthday.
- 12th—College nine victorious over Sonoma by a score of 18-3.
- 14th—Mr. Baker, on botany hike: "If you cross the stream this way it will be much easier."—Slips off rock and falls in.
- 19th—A most enjoyable program presented by the little girls of J. C. Mr. Bailey warns the children to be careful in running through the halls with lollypops in their mouths, especially after the candy is all off, for dangerous accidents might occur. Little Dottie Black breaks her dolly.
- 21st—Assembly. New constitution read. Freshman class and Booster Club pictures taken for the Bear Cub.
- 23rd—While on a botany hike, through the efficient work of Miss Letold, Mr. Fellows is saved from death in a deep pool.
- 24th—J. C. Matinee Dance.

(Sixty-eight)



### THE BEAR CUB

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- 27th—J. C. defeats Analy baseball team by a score of 5-2.  
28th—Assembly.

#### April, 1924

- 1st—Extra! Mr. Max Estill attends Spanish IB.  
4th—Block letters awarded to athletes.  
9th—J. C. and S. R. H. S. hold practice baseball game.  
12th—Mr. Elkins in Spanish IIB: "Where is Mr. Woolsey?"  
Student, pointing to a buzzing speck in the sky: "Up there!"  
18th—J. C. nine defeated by San Jose Teachers' College, 7-1.  
21st—Mr. Fry in Spanish IIB: "Yo monté mi cabello," which, being translated, is, "I mounted a hair of my head." Laughter from class.  
24th—Slight earthquake shock felt in Santa Rosa and vicinity. Anxiety relieved when botany students report that Mr. Rose received an introduction to Mother Earth. No casualties.  
25th—Misses Stout and Nisson carry on an enjoyable conversation while in Spanish IB. Mr. Reynolds suggests that they attend class on the 26th.  
29th—Mr. Gardner cannot remember when he last attended History IB. Class comes to his aid.

#### May, 1924

- 1st—Spring has come. Mr. Elkins has a new straw hat.  
2nd—Assembly.  
5th—Spanish IIB begins study of "syncopated adjectives."  
8th—J. C. Day. Mr. Olsen announces to the assembly that all may "precipitate" a good time.  
9th—Drama II presents Tarkington and Wilson's "The Man From Home."  
10th—J. C. team wins baseball game from San Jose Teachers' College with a score of 5-3.  
14th—A shadow falls over English IIB students. Class is reminded of term themes.  
15th—A student in Spanish IIB, translating: "The tears slid down her cheeks." Mr. Elkins: "They must have been greased."  
16th—In History IIB Miss Collier advances a new germ theory: "Antitoxins are injected into people to make them kill themselves."  
19th—Botany and geology trip to Bodega Bay. While most of the party returned at noon, "six boys" were unable to reach home until five in the afternoon.  
20th-23rd—Booster trip. Blue Lodge Room painfully quiet.  
21st—We begin to wonder what attraction Kenwood holds for Carleton Rank.  
23rd-25th—House party at Dillon's. Students become affectionate. A certain fair damsel says to Mr. Rank, "Oh dear! Give me my book."  
26th—A tendency on the part of students to go to sleep in class. Some, at least, begin to wish they had gotten some sleep at the beach.  
21st—Dance and reception for High School seniors and juniors of the county and surrounding territory. Women spruce up to meet the new men—also vice versa (and even more so).

(Seventy)

THE BEAR CUB



Sand Fleas.



Slippin'



So Soon?



"Pole →



The Secrets Out!



← Cats"



Ted and Jenny



Fatherly Advice.



?



Broke + Hungry - naturally.



Tackle!



Irish Humor.



2 Lights + 1 Ray

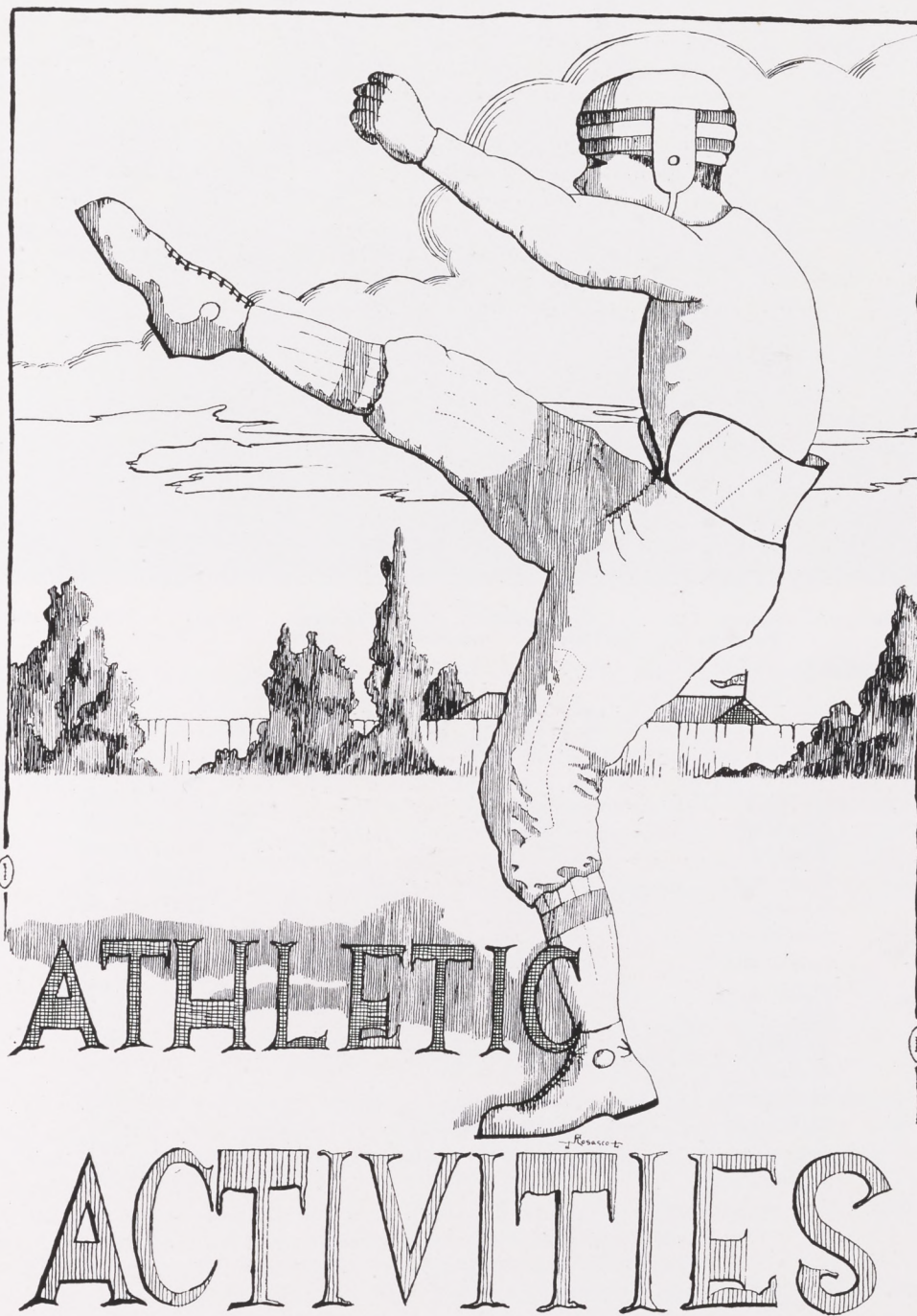
THE BEAR CUB

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June, 1924

- 1st—J. C. vs. Lakeport baseball game.
- 6th—Lion Tamers' dance at the Saturday Afternoon Club House.
- 12th—Miss Cochrane in music: "Haydn took Mozart's father apart—"
- 13th—Lion Tamers elect new officers.
- 14th—Lion Tamers' picnic on Russian River.
- 16th—Finals begin.
- 17th—Finals continue. Intellectual mercury takes drop of 12.7°.
- 18th—Finals still continue. Several worthy Lion Tamers have a terrible time trying to combine snaking with studying. Horrible results.
- 19th—Finals near end. Faces bear mournful, hopeless expressions.
- 20th—Election of student body president and vice-president for fall semester. Oley says goodbye to "Youse guys."





## THE BEAR CUB



SULLIVAN WITHAM LEE CUNEO PLOVER (Capt.) AUSTIN SWYERS WILSON BATH  
PETERSON MALLORY GARDNER SHAFFER EVANS

## THE LINEUP

Capt. Plover .....	Full-back
Shaffer .....	Quarter-back
Mallory .....	Half-back
Peterson .....	Half-back
Evans .....	Half-back
Gardner .....	Half-back
Sullivan .....	Center
Bath .....	End
Lee .....	End
Wilson .....	End
Cuneo .....	End
Gutcher .....	Tackle
Witham .....	Tackle
Swyers .....	Guard
Austin .....	Guard

## FOOTBALL

Coach Tauzer ably put the football boys through some good training, and built up a team which was better than those of the high schools of the vicinity, and a credit to the junior college. The team was handicapped by not being affiliated with a league, and games were therefore difficult to procure. Although the boys had opportunity to show their prowess on but very few occasions, the student body stood behind them and backed them up in every way possible, for each and every student realized fully the time and effort spent by the team on the football field night after night, practicing. There was no public glory for our hard-working football team, but they have become glorified in the annals of junior college, for we appreciate their gameness and spirit in sticking to a thing in which they knew, almost from the start, there could be no material reward.

Three games were played, however, and the team made a good showing. We defeated Analay by a score of 28-0. An interesting scrimmage was held with the Santa Rosa High School team, and the Petaluma High School team was played to a 0-0 tie.



## BASKETBALL

Two good teams are the boast of the college for the basketball season. Both the unlimited team and the second team were many times victorious, making a better showing than in any previous year. Under the guidance of Coach Tauzer, a wonderful team was turned out, working with a clocklike precision and exactness; a team capable of making a good showing against recognizedly strong adversaries. The splendid result of the season's endeavors is still more remarkable when one considers the comparatively small field from which the team was chosen, and the decidedly large amount of ability procured from that small field.

### FIRST TEAM LINEUP

Forwards .....	Bath, Fry
Center .....	Wilson, Gutchner
Guards .....	Mallory (capt.), Shaffer, Gardner

Captain Mallory was a shining star in many games; he was a splendid captain. His ability to dribble through the opposing lines was sensational, as were his long shots. Few guards are faster or play a steadier game.

Gardner, playing standing guard, filled the position with skill, and proved himself a strong defense member of the squad.

Shaffer, substitute guard in many games, played well.

Bath is one of the fastest and best forwards in the county, and his scoring did much for the team.

Fry, a veteran of many years' experience, supported the team by his shooting.

(Seventy-five)

## THE BEAR CUB

Wilson showed up well at center, and fought hard through the games he played.

Gutcher, who finished the season at center, proved himself not only a good touch, but an all-round good player.

The second team worked hard, and its lineup would have been a credit to most schools. Forwards—Forsyth, Evans; Center—Wilson; Guards—Sullivan, Shaffer, Plover.

The splendid success of this season prophesies one even more splendid for the next season.

### SCHEDULE

- 10-17-23—Lion Tamers, 48; Healdsburg, 12.
- 11-28-23—Lion Tamers, 29; Healdsburg, 20.
- 11-30-23—S. R. J. C., 20; All Stars, 7.
- 12-7-23 —S. R. J. C., 45; Analy M. E. Church, 19.
- 12-11-23—S. R. J. C., 11; Analy High, 20.
- 12-14-23—S. R. J. C., 20; St. Helena Town, 16.
- 12-28-23—S. R. J. C., 18; Napa High, 27.
- 1-4-24—S. R. J. C., 18; Sonoma N. S. G. W., 22.
- 1-8-24—S. R. J. C., 22; Analy High, 7.
- 1-15-24—S. R. J. C., 26; S. R. H. S., 16.
- 1-19-24—S. R. J. C., 5; Stanford Frosh, 29.
- 1-25-24—S. R. J. C., 42; Petaluma Y. M. I., 19.
- 1-30-24—S. R. J. C., 22; Sonoma N. S. G. W., 12.
- 2-15-24—S. R. J. C., 23; San Jose Teach. College, 24.
- 2-22-24—S. R. J. C., Sacramento J. C.



GARDNER  
SULLIVAN

MALLORY (Capt)  
FORSYTH

TAUZER (Coach)  
EVANS

BATH  
WILSON  
SHAFFER

FRY  
PLOVER

(Seventy-six)

## BASEBALL

The 1924 baseball team of the Santa Rosa Junior College, coached by Floyd P. Bailey, was the best that has ever been turned out by this institution.

The team started the season with a one-sided victory over Sonoma, and followed this with two straight defeats. However, they won their fourth game from Analy, but again lost the next two. From this time on they were undefeatable, winning five consecutive games.

Their success was due largely to the pitching of Bryant Forsyth. This year Bryant was almost unbeatable. Of eight games he won six, fanning eighty-seven men in those games.

To Braun, as catcher, is due part of Bryant's success, for Bryant's control and the working of the batters by Braun were the two factors responsible for our record.

The infield was very good, with Captain Wilson on third, Stacy Lee at short, Waterman at second, and Rank at first. The outfield, composed of Witham, Sullivan, and Shaffer, let nothing by.

The bench was held down by three good men—Fry, Cuneo and Plover.

Below is a list of games played, and their scores:

S. R. J. C.	20—Sonoma	3
S. R. J. C.	5—Petaluma	6
S. R. J. C.	3—Healdsburg	6
S. R. J. C.	5—Analy	2



FRY PLOVER FORSYTH SULLIVAN SHAFER WATERMAN  
BRAUN WITHAM LEE RANK WILSON (Capt.) CUNEO

(Seventy-seven)

## THE BEAR CUB

S. R. J. C.	4—Analy	8
S. R. J. C.	1—San Jose Teachers' College	7
S. R. J. C.	8—Analy	2
S. R. J. C.	20—Healdsburg	3
S. R. J. C.	5—San Jose Teachers' College	2
S. R. J. C.	8—Calistoga	3
S. R. J. C.	10—San Rafael	7

Jack Plover, '25.

## TRACK

### FROSH 57

### SOPHS 48

The first annual track and field meet of the S. R. J. C. was won by the lowly frosh. The meet was decided by the relay, which the frosh captured. Mallory, the soph's versatile athlete, made twenty-six of their points.

McMullen surprised the entire school by his win over Petersen in the half and mile runs. Lee won the quarter in fast time.

The frosh took but three firsts besides the relay, but took most of the seconds and thirds. Austin won the 220, Shaffer won the discus, and Plover won the low hurdles.

The sophs, by taking first places, were but four points behind when the relay was called. If they had won the relay they would have won by one point.

Olsen promoted the meet and managed it very ably.

### SUMMARY

100—Mallory (S), Gardner (F), Walden (F)—Time 10:2.  
 220—Austin (F), Walden (F), Plover (F)—Time 25 flat.  
 440—Lee (S), Gardner (F), Petersen (F)—Time 64.  
 880—McMullen (S), Petersen (F), Witham (S)—Time 2:20.  
 Mile—McMullen (S), Petersen (F), Rank (F)—Time 5:32.  
 H. H.—Mallory (S), Saarinen (F), Austin (F)—Time 9:2.  
 L. H.—Plover (F), Austin (F), Mallory (S)—Time 14.  
 B. Jump—Mallory (S), Saarinen (F), Rank (S)—Distance 19' 11½".  
 H. Jump—Mallory (S), Saarinen (F), Lee (F)—Height 5' 7".  
 Shot—Mallory (S), Saarinen (F), Lee (F)—Distance 40' 3½".  
 Discus—Shaffer (F), Fry (S), Evans (F)—Distance 99' 11½".  
 Relay—FROSH—Team: Cuneo, Austin, Saarinen, and Walden.

Jack Plover, '25.

## WOMEN'S ATHLETICS

Women's athletics were practically a nonentity this year, although a basketball team was formed, consisting of Maybelle Nisson, Madeleine Stout, Martha Erwin, Vera Peavler, Verna Anderson, Mabel Wiggins, and Madeline Orr. They played but one game, however, and then the team was broken up. A tennis tournament has been arranged for this spring and some interesting games are anticipated. Last June, after the yearbook had gone to press, the women's tournament was played off. Much interest was excited throughout the entire student body by this tournament, from which Evelyn Feliz emerged victor, after some unusually interesting matches had been played.

(Seventy-eight)



## TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS

A smart and pert-eyed little bird  
Flew to a willow tree,  
And then with opened throat he sang  
A little song to me.

A small and fuzzy little bug  
Crawled out along the limb;  
The bird-notes halted, till the bird  
Had made a meal of him.

A lean and hungry fierce-eyed cat  
Then climbed the branches thru;  
With speed that blurred he grasped the bird,  
And calmly ate the two.

William Olsen, '24.



## JOHN ROSASCO '25---HIS BIT

The prisoner's face was haggard and drawn from many sleepless nights. Red-hot tears filled her eyes brimming-full, only to overflow and run down her cheeks, where they made little gullies in her makeup.

"Once more, I ask you," demanded the prosecuting attorney, "Do you deny that you killed Jonas Applesauce?"

In terror the young prisoner turned, wild-eyed, to the jury, her chin trembling, but her lips closed. She brightened for a moment, straightened up in her chair, and it seemed as though she would surely speak—but she didn't. She knew that she was innocent, knew that she was a victim of circumstantial evidence, and knew that her silence was convicting her.

"For the third and last time! Do you or do you not deny that you killed him?" persisted the prosecutor.

A long silence followed; then a slight trembling of the beautiful mouth was all that revealed to the observer the fierce struggle which was being enacted within her soul, between her natural desire and her indomitable will. But at length the trembling ceased, and the delicately moulded lips tightened in a thin red line. She had made her decision.

Then, as in a haze, she saw the jury solemnly file out, only to return very soon. The foreman gave the verdict—"Guilty."

She looked appealingly now to the judge, from whom she knew she would receive her sentence.

"Have you nothing at all to say before I pass the sentence of death upon you?" he asked.

The lips remained as before, firmly, immovably closed.

A guard assisted her to her cell on "Death Row."

All is over now.

There was a moment during which those cherried lips might have opened and allowed the simple and unblemished truth to pour forth and fall on the ears of the waiting multitude—and she would have been free.

But why? OH, why should she have done such a self-condemnatory act? Why should she have thrown away such an erstwhile precious youth? Under the circumstances she couldn't have done otherwise.

SHE HAD A TOOTH OUT IN FRONT.

Title:

DEATH PREFERRED.

## THEMES AND THOUGHTS

"'Tis not the theme must needs be great,  
'Tis the way the poet says it."

I sat and visioned visions,  
I visioned themes great and small.

I bethought me of the Universe—  
'Twas too large—I could not compass it all.

I thought of a rusty nail,  
Miserable remains of God's great gift,  
Iron.  
I could not be bemeaned by such a theme.

I thought of a hen,  
That blessed forerunner of many  
An omelette.  
Thought I, "Such gaunt, feathered fowl  
Would ill become my mighty pen."

I thought of an ancestor's sword;  
But 'tis old, ancient, wracked,  
The polish worn off,  
The hands which once bore it,  
Long mingled with dust.  
Why recall memories of war, of pillage?

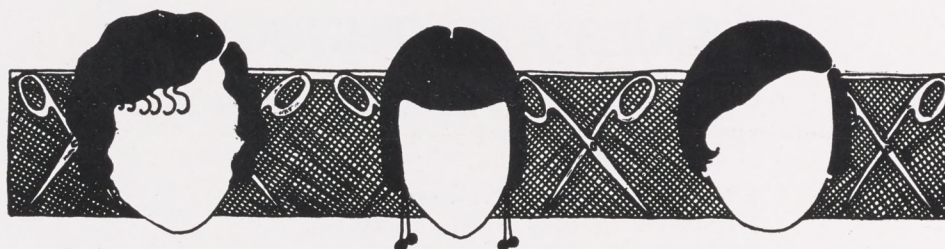
I thought of a shawl,  
Gift of old-time, cavalier Spain;  
But she who wore this lovely, faded thing  
Shot the last flames from sparkling black eyes  
Years and years ago.  
Why think on faded beauty?  
Such things are not for youth.

I thought of follies, of foibles;  
Of ancient, tragic Greece;  
Of precious stones;  
Of mystical Orient;  
Of all these I thought and many more.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now a great light comes to me:  
No longer do I think of themes,  
Nor great nor small,  
For I have just embraced them all,—  
And this is IT.

Evelyn K. Feliz, '24.



## THE BOBS

### I

See the classroom with the bobs,  
Classy bobs!  
All the shops of barbery are filled with clam'ring mobs,  
How they shiver, shiver, shiver,  
When the scissors start to snip.  
Then with fear their hearts are beating  
While the marcel irons are heating  
As they calm a quiv'ring lip.  
Keeping style, style, style,  
With some new ones all the while  
To appease Dame Fashion's ruling that there must be  
many bobs.  
So the bobs, bobs, bobs, bobs,  
Bobs, bobs, bobs,  
So the cutting and the trimming of the bobs.

### II

See the good old-fashioned bobs,  
Curly bobs!  
What a wealth from beauty's store each lovely ringlet robs.  
As they're walking down the street,  
Other bobs they're sure to meet;  
True, their chicness can't be beat.  
And the sheen,  
And the gleam  
Helped by frequent applications of the perfumed brilliantine.  
Oh, from those who have not bobs,—  
Lamentations, sighs and sobs.  
Auburn bobs,  
Golden bobs,  
And the black ones, perky bobs,  
Too, the brown ones, lovely bobs,  
All are charming and entrancing.  
All the bobs, bobs, bobs,  
All the bobs, bobs, bobs, bobs,  
Bobs, bobs, bobs,  
Oh, the taunting and the flaunting of the bobs.

THE BEAR CUB

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III

And the very latest bobs,  
Shingle bobs!  
Once again the beauty shops are filled with surging mobs.  
Now they shingle, shingle, shingle,  
Till they look like little boys,  
While the others with them mingle,  
Ever longing for a shingle,  
Just to cut and know its joys.  
It's the style, style, style,  
With some new ones all the while  
To appease Dame Fashion's ruling that there must be  
Shingle bobs.  
So the bobs, bobs, bobs, bobs,  
Bobs, bobs, bobs,  
So the cutting and the shingling of the bobs.  
Patty Carmichael, '25.



## THE OILED SITUATION

Wham! A shoe gently caressed Wiggly's head. A voice followed.

"Get up!"

Wiggly got.

"Watcha tryin' to do, anyway?" he rather peevishly asked.

"Playin' a flute," rasped out Long Bill Johnson, Wiggly's roommate.

"What's it look like, rain?"

"Aw, forget it. You're not funny. You're just naturally that way."

"Maybe so, but eating's natural, too; I'm off for breakfast. When you can't stand your pleasant company any longer, come along."

"Say, if *your* company was any longer you'd serve as a swell flag-staff!" snapped Wiggly.

"All the dumb people aren't in Congress," observed Long Bill sweetly, as he stooped to pass through the door.

When Wiggly arrived at the lunch counter, he found several other college students there besides Long Bill. A discussion was in progress as to the ability of college students to do real work.

"Sure they can," said Wiggly. "Why, I am the equal of any man."

"In what?" came the uproarious demand.

"In work," said Wiggly, with an injured air.

"Wheel!" shouted Long Bill. "Your cinch notices sure show it."

"I'm talking about manual labor," said Wiggly disdainfully.

"Yeh, just talking," agreed Bill.

"Is that so? I'll tell you what—I'll get a job Saturday and show you up. I'll prove it."

Chorus of "I'm from Missouri!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Friday afternoon found Wiggly in search of a job, Bill in search of fun. Both were together.

A "NO" greeted them where they first applied.

"He saw your face," said Bill.

"Cut the chatter; I'm a working-man."

"Tra la, I'm queen of the May."

Dead silence.

Then they tried the court house. "Can you oil floors?" asked the janitor.

"Sure enough," said Wiggly.

"All right," said the janitor. "Come back tomorrow."

"Say, listen," said Bill, as soon as they had left, "you never oiled a floor in your life."

"Can't learn any sooner," said Wiggly, stopping his murdering of "Home, Sweet Home" long enough to answer.

"You mean dumber, I guess," said Bill, sadly.

The next day Wiggly showed up bright and early, with Bill in attendance. Wiggly was all dolled out for work, wearing a new pair of jeans, and tennis shoes. The janitor gave him a large can of oil and a mop, showed him a vacant room, and told him to start. Then for the first time doubt assailed Wiggly, but he grimly decided not to show it. He took the can and poured a generous supply of oil on the floor. Then he took the mop and began to spread the oil. All went well until Wiggly stepped in it. Swish—and he landed on his back. Bill roared. Wiggly

(Eighty-four)

### THE BEAR CUB

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attempted to smile, and essayed to rise. He got to his feet, and then did a Pavlova on one foot and crashed into his oil can. The can slid along and stopped just at the point of the floor at which Wiggly chose to embrace it. Result—Wiggly stood on his head for a minute, in the can, then he crashed sideways through a glass book-case, and ended by sliding on his stomach across the floor. He sat up, grinned, then said, "Well, I can hold the job *down*, anyway."

"If you can hold it down any way, please pick out *one* way and *stick* to it."

Kenneth Shaffer, '25.



## ON A SONNET

"A sonnet write," my Muse exhorted me.  
"Italia's men your inspiration gave,  
Of sunny dell, of foamy sea, and wave."  
"But how to start this pome!" said I to she;  
"Just what and how to write are hard to see.  
Of old-time knight, or older, horrid knave?  
Of ancestors in forest, and in cave?"  
"Your duty plain I've made; poetic be."

My meter poor, my rhyme can be but worse;  
Iambic feet do drag: so slow, so slow.  
At four lines more, I falter, halt, and balk;  
And now but three; I rack my brain and curse.  
But what is this? Can it be true? Is't so?  
I drop my pen.—My Muse was but of chalk.

Evelyn K. Feliz, '24.

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## GIRLS

I am a Freshman in Santa Rosa Junior College. I am also a Lion Tamer, but that has nothing to do with this article. I use slang more or less, but that, too, may not be helped. I have a grievance. It is a persistent sort of a grievance. I am going to spill it now and get it entirely out of my mind, then perhaps there will be peaceful hours for me again. I seem to stand alone in my convictions, for only contempt greets me when I try to explain my unusual attitude. It is about girls that I am going to speak—they made me what I am today, but I'm *not* satisfied.

Girls. What a varied and changeable subject! Girls. Those elusive non-understandable members of the supposedly weaker sex! Such a subject induces one's mind to wander—but one may command oneself, "Start in and write about them!" And so I write.

Girls have too many different qualities to describe in detail, so it might be well to select a few from a large group of descriptive adjectives. In this group we would probably find a few of the following:—nice, serious, orderly, happy, lithe, graceful, plump, pretty, young, silent, splendid, curious, peaceful, blonde, stylish, formal, informal, playful, strong, gay, subtle, exquisite, slender, charming, teasing, flippant, confident, forceful, fond, sad, gappy, helpless, hypnotic, active, jubilant, lady-like, hungry, tired, thirsty, moonstruck, shy, mournful, bashful, mysterious, neutral, pale, sincere, painted, rosy, powdered, scientific, critical, ticklish, spooney, sarcastic, nervy, for-

(Eighty-six)

### THE BEAR CUB

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ward, baby-like, phonographic, catty, scornful, drawly, gossipy, dry, miserable, vampy, dutch-cut, apologetic, proud, athletic, inconsiderate, stuttering, masterful, witty, rebellious, careless, foolish, sane, huffy, crabby, grabby, inattentive, reckless, forbidding, expressionless, inconsolable, restless, garrulous, tongue-tied, credulous, meek, athletic, bold, dead, daring, artistic, gawky, chew-gummy, pigeon-toed, antique, appreciative, deceitful, lanky, sunny, dancy, grouchy, formidable, aloof, incomprehensible, petulant, jealous, showy, teasy, crowdy, overdone, delicate, unsophisticated, stern, weak, winky, sophisticated, vain, short, fat, simple, red-headed, slow, finicky, quarrelsome, playful, troublesome, insistent, flirty, homey, homely, anxious, loud, skinny, big, thin, clever, awkward, funny, giggly, mischievous, disorderly, little, unhappy, tall, stout, and so on ad infinitum.

I feel better—at least I did until I tried to pick out a few of the above that would fit my sister and also my chum's sister. Try and do it!



## AFTER DILLON'S

Tired.  
How tired I am!  
My brain goes whirling and wheeling in my head,  
Or else is like a lump of soft, dull lead.  
My eyes burn as coals of fierce fire;  
Smoking, hot, they grind in their sockets.  
A dull pain creeps up the back of my head  
To grow and kick and pound by my ears,  
And throb and pulse through my temples.  
Dragging weights hold back my feet from moving  
Free and light as they used to move.  
Barely able are they to move me along at all,  
Barely able to keep me from toppling over.

I burn, how I burn  
With a strange, sodden heat  
That burns within me, eternally!  
Idle seem my prayers for coolness,  
Vain my hopes for a cool hand on my brow.

Sleep comes—but as blank, dark mist,—  
Oblivion for a space, but not release.  
The new-born day is unbearable,  
Yet it must be born.  
Born as those that have long passed by,  
Born as those that have yet to come, interminably.  
They must be born, and will be born.

But, oh, how tired I am!  
Would that my spirit might be refreshed,  
Not for a day, but for one little second, refreshed,  
Even though my sodden clay staggers onward.  
But endless worries and endless tasks oppose it,  
And never does it seem to draw nigh;  
And never, I fear, never will it draw nigh.  
How tired I am!  
Tired.

William Olsen, '24.



I

ITS ORIGIN

Religious beliefs, likeness of race, and a sameness in some kind of misery have always tended to draw people together. It is true that the old saying, "Misery loves company," has almost become an axiom, and the reasons for this State are well founded. College students find that they have in common the misery of exerting the Cerebrus. Such Bogies as Mathematics, Sciences, Languages, and English, are continually crossing their paths and causing much Suffering among them. About a year ago a little group of Junior College men got together and told each other of their troubles. They suddenly discovered that they were all faced by this certain form of misery. And the overwhelming Surge of the wave of Brotherly Sympathy that engulfed them in that hour transfixed them into a Laocoön-like Mass which has indissolubly adhered, to this, the present hour.

The name is derived from the Works of one of the American genii of Caricature, Mr. Bud Fisher.

II

ITS SCOPE

The Lion Tamers, the most prominent organization of the Junior College, has undertaken the editing and publishing of a weekly newspaper, "The Lion Tamers' Gazette."

In this little weekly of ours, we strive to give in an Entertaining way the general news of the College. Our paper averages four sheets to the Edition. In these four sheets one may find the latest news, scandal (non-detrimental), sports, editorials, social life, jokes, and Paid advertising.

III

FOR EXAMPLE,

YE LION TAMERS' GAZETTE

---

Vol. I.

Tuesday, April 12, 1924.

No. 4.

---

We wish to apologize for the non-appearance of our last issue. Our time was so limited that it was impossible for us to edit and

publish it. We know that you have missed our little paper and we are extremely sorry to have disappointed you.

(Eighty-nine)

### LION TAMERS ENJOY MID-NIGHT SWIM

Six well-known Lion Tamers enjoyed a midnight swim at Mirabel two weeks ago Saturday night. The swim was followed by a wienie roast, in which no one was shy in participating. Those who went included the following: Pye, Witham, Wickersham, Plover, Olsen, and Krotser.

### \$\$\$\$\$ DAY \$\$\$\$\$

Dollar Day this year was as great a success as those of preceding years. Many and varied were the means employed by the various students to obtain the dollars. The treasury was enriched to the extent of approximately forty-five dollars.

### DO YOU KNOW HELIOTROPE?

Heliotrope is the sister of Pansy and the cousin of Bucephalus. It is the Lion Tamers' official car, and belongs to the Hon. George Raymond Krotser. The car has been brought forth from its involuntary retirement and placed in active service.

Despite its long disuse, it was able to transport Ray, Wick, and Wilson to Woodland during vacation, and also bring them safely back.

Pansy and Heliotrope will give an exhibition race at the inter-class meet.

### FIRST J. C. PICNIC AT HILTON

Last Wednesday evening several cars of J. C. students went to Hilton, where swimming and eating were indulged in. A wonderful time was had by all, beneath the rays of a full moon.

### WELL-KNOWN AND -LIKED GIRL LEAVES

Laura Kett, popular J. C. student, has left college. A number of college boys are badly upset (Ninety)

over this latest development. Cheer up, boys; there are still lots of pretty girls left.

### SOMETHING WRONG HERE.

A non-Lion Tamer stated today in assembly that he had earned his dollar by talking five hours straight to Jack Plover. We know he is stringing us, for no one ever talked that long to Jack without his getting in several words himself.

### J. C. TEAM BEATEN AT SAN JOSE, 7-1

The local team went to San Jose a week ago last Saturday by bus. The boys all enjoyed the trip, but had rather bad luck in the game. The game was characterized by many strike-outs when the J. C. line-up was at the bat.

Altho there was no coach to go down with the boys, the bus driver acted as coach, and cussed the boys as well as a real coach could have done.

### J. C. PLAY

"The Man From Home" will be given by the Junior College, May 2, at 1:45, at the High School Annex. There will be five Lion Tamers in the cast, so turn out and give them an OOWAH, if you like it. And if you don't—well—you can do everything except murder.

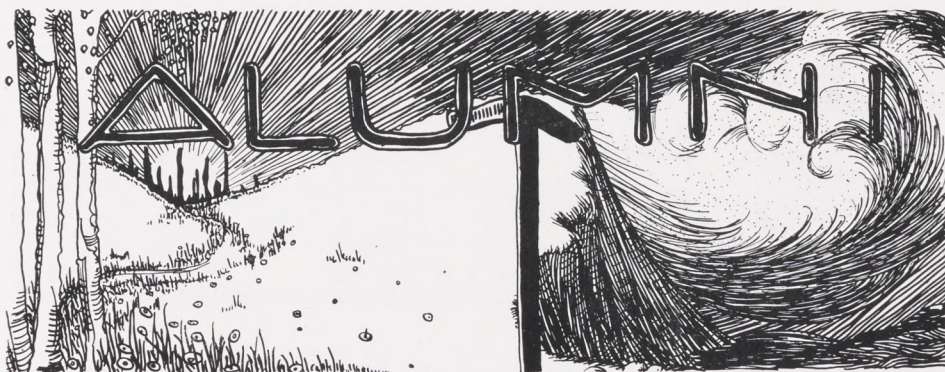
### LION TAMERS' PLAY

The Lion Tamers are hard at work on their play (not named yet). This play is written and played by our great array of talent. STEVE is to be leading man.

### STEVE HIT BY CUPID'S ARROWS

Of late he has been receiving letters daily from Petaluma. From all indications it is a serious affair.

## THE BEAR CUB



"In the hills of life there are two trails. One leads along the higher sunlit fields, where those who journey see afar, and the light lingers when the sun is down." The other leads "to the lower ground, where those who travel, as they go look always over their shoulders with eyes of dread, and gloomy shadows gather long before the day is done." Oft as we gaze backward over the list of our friends of the past, we visualize with pleasure those who have chosen the higher sunlit fields that lead to success and happiness. Education seems to be the path that is leading them onward. To this group belong the alumni of our beloved Santa Rosa Junior College.

### 1922

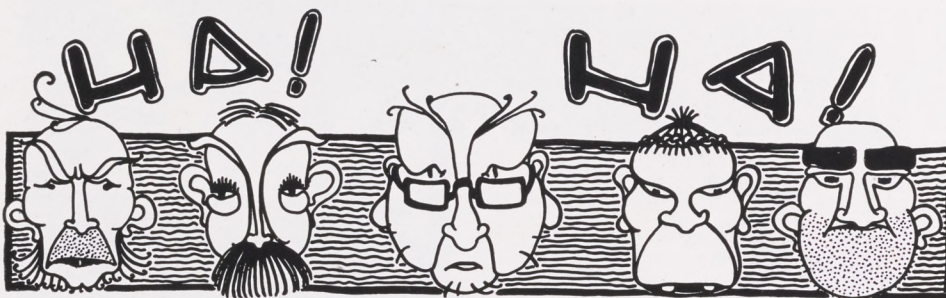
Meryl Bish .....	In business, Berkeley
Arsene Chauvet .....	In business, San Francisco
Ruth Comstock .....	Attending U. C.
Elizabeth Letold .....	Teaching at Wilfred
Julia Oakes .....	Attending U. C.
Vivian Olson .....	At home, Santa Rosa
Zelda Pitkin Jones .....	At home, Forestville
Estella Sinclair .....	Attending Stanford University
Drusilla Talbot .....	Attending U. C.

### 1923

Marjorie Anderson.....	Attending San Jose Teachers' College
Ernest Baer .....	Attending U. C.
Herbert Brandon .....	In business, San Francisco
Arnold Coltrin .....	In business, Nevada
Lois Cox .....	Attending U. C.
Violet Hastings .....	Attending U. C.
Bernard Holm .....	Attending U. C.
Melvin Holm .....	Attending U. C.
Fred Janssen .....	Attending U. C.
Frances Jordan.....	Attending Goucher College, Baltimore
Catherine Pressley .....	Attending U. C.
Elyvn Pye .....	Teaching near Healdsburg
Nelliana Pye.....	Attending San Jose Teachers' College
Aleta Lynn Rulofson .....	At home, Santa Rosa
Mildred Shelley .....	At home, Sebastopol
Gertrude Willcox .....	Attending Armstrong's, Berkeley
Mildred Woodworth .....	Attending U. C.

(Ninety-one)

THE BEAR CUB



Cecile—How did you ever get caught in such an embarrassing situation, Madeleine?

Madeleine—Well, he wanted to see what color my eyes are.

Cecile—That's harmless enough.

Madeleine—Yes, but he's so near-sighted.

Dovey—Do you think raw oysters are healthy?

Joel—I never knew any to complain.

THEN THEY KILLED HIM

"No," said the offensive punster, "a girl who persists in hailing men can't be a reigning belle. She'll meet a good many frosts, and soon find her name under a cloud. It won't dew."

Will the conductor on the airship express shout, "Leap lively, please"?

LUCKY

Passenger, at depot restaurant—Is that all you've got to eat here?

Steve (hash slinger)—I haven't got to eat it. I work here.

Miss Stout—I suppose you've been through algebra?

Miss Winters—I went through at night, but couldn't see the place.

Mr. Bartlett—Where is Solomon's temple?

Oley—On the side of his face.

Swyers—I was up before the faculty this morning.

Rogers—Tough luck. What did they say?

Swyers—Why, nothing, of course. They're glad to have you get up early.

Miss Kett—If I should die, you would never get another sweetheart like me.

Niles—Well, I hope not.

Austin—Say, Gardner, what part of speech is Ravenscroft?

Gardner—No part; she's all of it.

Oley has seemed calm, but radiant, lately. The reason?—We have a clue.

As Maybelle and Ev were preparing to mount the stairs of the temple, Oley came dashing up, and asked, in an anxious tone, "Oh, Maybelle—(did he say dear?)—"have you been to look over that little house I told you about?"

(Ninety-two)

THE BEAR CUB

"Red" (discoursing to a group of girls): "You see, I haven't done any work at all in the last two years. I've only been using my head."

Mr. Baker, in botany—Potash is very necessary to plants. There is a great deal of it in ash.

Oley—There's potash in sea-weed.

Peterson—Yeh, and in the drug-store, too.

Mr. Baker—Why do farmers start a fire where they plant corn and tomatoes?

Dovey—Why, they do that to dry out the dampness, and make the soil warm for them.

(Foot-warmers, Dovey?)

The boys were eating at Charlie's. They remarked, "These surely are the best hot-cakes in town. We'll have to give you credit for them."

"I'm afraid I'll have to give you credit for them, also," was Charlie's laconic reply.

ACADEMIC?

One of our sophisticated Sophs was talking to a timid little Swiss girl, who was just embarking on her career in business college.

When asked if she had been graduated from high school, the girl replied, "No, but I took two years' commercial, and had started the epidemic course."

Miss McConkey—Is our government doing anything for our literary men?

Austin—I guess not. They haven't done anything for me yet.

Miss Fields (in Grand Canyon of Colorado)—In this vast, limitless expanse of nature, my friend, man is so infinitesimal that it makes me feel like a little grub.

Guide—Wal, le's go down to the restaurant and get some, then.

Ev—How has the world treated you?

Margaret—Not often enough.

Wickersham—I went to a surprise party last night.

Krotser—How do you know it was a surprise party?

Wickersham—Because everybody looked surprised when I came in.

Miss Litton—Is he taking me for better or for worse?

Miss Black—Well, he'll get the worst of it.

Pansy—So Sunshine winked at you, eh? Well, what followed?

Pat—I did.

Joe Swyers—Don't you think that marriages are made in heaven?

Rose Herbert—Well, if all men were as slow as you, they would have to be.

Mr. Baker—Farrell, it seems to me that you copied this out of the book.

Farrell Rose—Yes, I did, Mr. Baker. I didn't think I could improve upon it.

"Red" Ravenscroft—Why do they call bad actors "hams"?

Ellen Small—I suppose because they are so constantly associated with eggs.

THE BEAR CUB

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Miss Collister—Who is your favorite author?

Miss Collier—Dickens. Don't you think he is the best?

Miss Collister—Of course not. Allyn and Bacon has him skinned to death.

Book agent, to Margaret Wright—This book will do half your studying.

Margaret—Fine, give me two.

Brownscombe—If I stole a kiss, would you scream for your parents?

Maybelle Nisson—Not unless you want to kiss the whole family.

Friend—What has your daughter learned at college?

Grace Nichols' Dad—Well, sir, she can ask for money in such a way it seems an honor to give it to her.

Margaret Doggett—I just love birds.

Fred Fellows—I've often been told I was a little cuckoo.

"My heart is with the ocean!" cried Alan Evans.

"You've gone me one better," said Shaffer, as he took a firm grip of the rail.

Witham—Do you guarantee these night shirts?

Clerk—Yes, you can't wear them out.

Mr. Bailey's son—Papa, are you still growing?

Mr. Bailey—No, dear. Why do you ask?

Son—Because the top of your head is beginning to come through your hair.

Dr. Juell—I have been selling this remedy for the last sixty years, and never heard a complaint. Now, what does that show?

Voice in rear—That dead men tell no tales.

Cecile—In what position do you play?

Dashing football hero (blushing)—Bent over.

Boss—Young man, you told me yesterday afternoon you had a date with your dentist.

Pat—Yes, sir, I did.

Boss—But I saw you at the ball game.

Pat—Yes, sir. That was my dentist sitting next to me.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
O'er the speed cop's handle bar;  
How I wonder where you were  
When you saw me do that fifty per!

Gardner—Sweet one, I'd go through anything for you.

Betty—Let's start on your bank account.

Judge—Now, tell us about it. Why did you steal the purse?

Rogers—Your Honor, I won't deceive you; I was ill and thought the change might do me some good.

M. Bassetti—Why did the boy stand on the burning deck?

Ravenscroft—Because it was too hot to sit on.

(Ninety-four)

THE BEAR CUB

---

Clerk—Yes, sir, you want a narrow man's comb.

Breiling—No, I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth.

Lee (as Austin whizzed by in his red bug)—I wish I had an automobile.

Gardner—What's the use? You couldn't afford to keep it.

Lee—No, but by jinks! I could afford to sell it.

Willie—I want some paper.

Fannie—What kind of paper do you want?

Willie—Better make it fly paper. I'm making a kite.

Mr. Bartlett—What is one of the elements responsible for public schools?

Spridgen—Woman.

The pale, proud Miss Hansen turned to the big, heavy-browed man, who held a glittering knife in his hand.

"Have you no heart?" she asked in a low even tone.

"No," he growled.

"Then give me ten cents' worth of liver."

Hale—I had a date with a professional mind-reader once.

Mary Ann—How did she enjoy her vacation?

Hostess—It looks like a storm; you had better stay for dinner.

Miss Erwin—Oh, thanks, but I don't think it's bad enough for that.

Forsyth—They say people with opposite characteristics make the happiest marriages.

Peterson—Yes, that's why I'm looking for a girl with money.

Bank teller—Before I pay you I must have proof of your identity. Have you any papers?

Mr. Bailey—No.

Teller—Have you any friends?

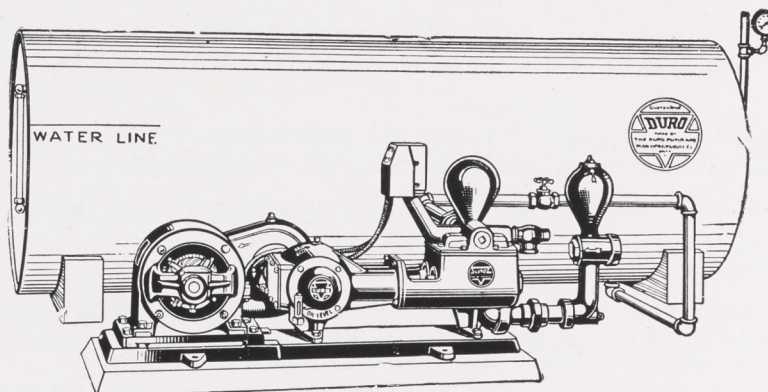
Mr. Bailey—No, I'm a landlord.

Miss Fields (in dramatics)—Imagine midnight silent as a grave. Two burglars force open a library window and commence to crack the safe. The clock strikes one—

Carleton Rank (in rear)—Which one?

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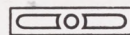
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
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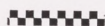
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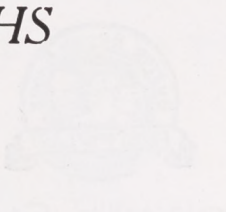
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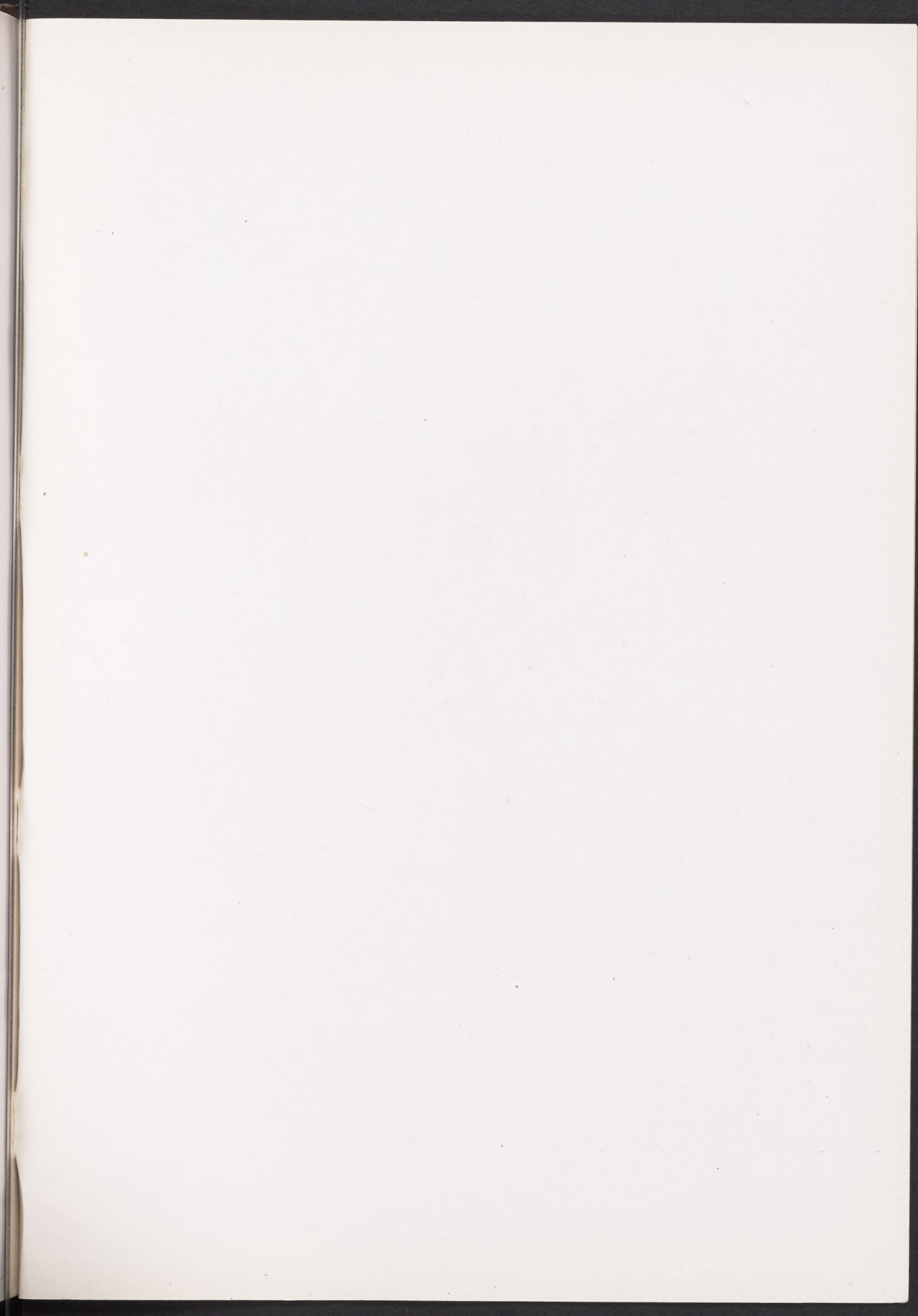
	
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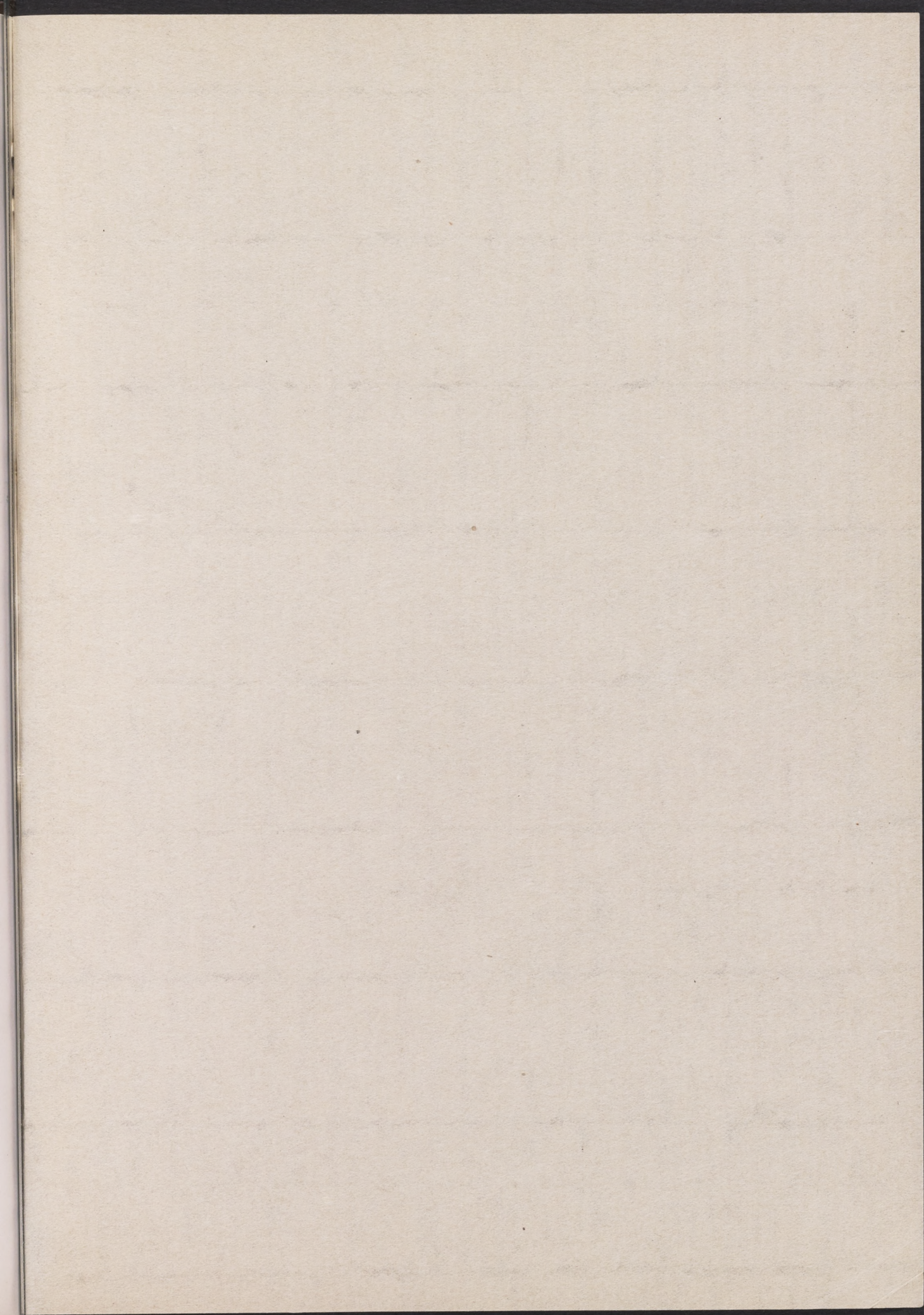
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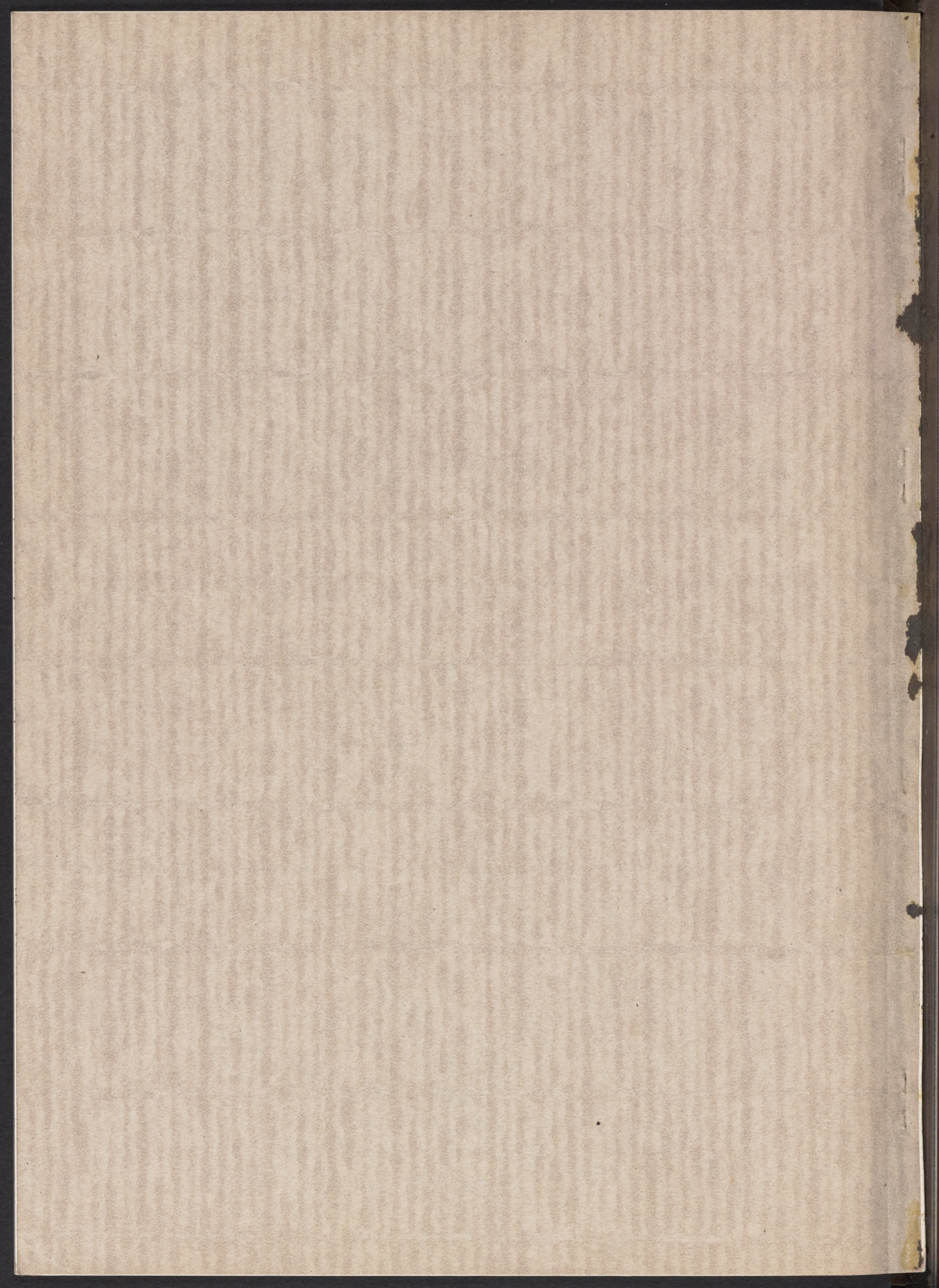
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